

WHY FRED SHERO COACHES SCARED

NOVEMBER 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50¢

# Macleans

How we gave India  
the bomb—the  
inside story

How a Montreal  
doctor tracks  
down cancer



Anne Murray as herself: a fitting new role



Quench your taste

cameo

MENTHOL

Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

# PICK OUR POCKETS.



A shutter speed of 1/10 sec. to 1/10 sec., a 56 mm.  
and a 3 position zone focus, makes the Hanimex CS a  
standard. An electric eye automatically controls the  
exposure for perfect pictures. A low light signal tells you  
when to add the Integrated Electronic Flash.

 **Hanimex**  
Pick our pockets for some of the finest pictures you'll ever take

Here's a whole new range of  
anywhere pocket cameras from Hanimex.  
Its photography made easy. Hanimex  
pocket cameras are big on features yet  
small to fit any pocket or purse.

There's an easy handling Hanimex  
pocket camera for everybody. Start with the  
Luminous 100. Our budget beauty  
takes great pictures. Add Magic Cubes for  
flash photography.

**'75 Caprice Classic  
You'll like what you see.**

**You'll love what it does!**

**Chevrolet**

What Caprice Classic does so well is make you feel good. Not just when you bring it home for the first time, but day in and day out.

The good feeling comes from Caprice Classic's full measure of styling, spacious roominess for 6 adults and plush comfort features.

(The Sport Sedan, shown here, has a pillarless roof design and new six-window viewing area—and that gives everyone inside a good feeling).

The good feeling continues with Caprice Classic's quiet ride—in a choice of engines, and steel-belted radial tires.

You'll feel still better about Caprice Classic's efficiency and economy story. One of several significant technological advances for 1975 is a High Energy Ignition system that gives better overall operating economy, improved performance and lower maintenance costs.

If you want to feel good, really good, about the car you drive—choose a Caprice Classic, the uppermost Chevrolet.

There are 4 distinctive models in a choice of 16 colors. At your Chevrolet dealer's.



# Maclean's

## 29 How we learned to stop worrying and sell the bomb

All tales could be fable

WALTER STEWART

## 34 The principality of Gzowski

His Country to The Morning with more than a nod and a program

PETER GZOWSKI

## 38 Coaching scared

The uses of wisdom can come easily to Fresh Start of the Philadelphia Flyers

TRENT FRAYNE

## 48 Diary of a quiet diplomat

The effort of fame and the trials of office—including the see with the dumb audience

CHARLES KITCHEN

## 62 Under the top of the world

Looking up at the North Pole  
The downside: die over

JOSEPH McINNIS

## 70 A Kantaroff retrospective

Maryon here? 40 years in a life

VALERIE MINER

## 78 Muggeridge rediscovered

When playing games in a schoolhouse, never forget: Adults With Me

KILDARE DOBBIE

## 86 The flip side of Anne Murray

Every one knows a war there, but who would have guessed it would get full play?

LARRY LE BLANC

## 96 The footprint of cancer

Memories for Philip Goldfarb's child to doctor the mystery of faster, earlier and more accurate diagnosis

JOHN HOFSTEDE

## 102 Colombo discovers Canadianisms

From north quahogue, owing and over

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO

## 105 The right way to repatriate the economy

What it really means is a new industrial strategy to pump up Canadian overdrive

GEORGE SINCLAIR

8 Politics/Walter Stewart

10 Knobs/Harry Bruce

12 Education/Dave Bradley

16 Eddie Shack/Ray MacGregor

19 Women/Mynna Kastek

109 Iceland/Irene McCormick

112 The best yet/John Hofstein

114 New Poulies/Philip Marchand

116 Books/Kildare Dobbie

120 PM Flora/Leather Robertson

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Post C. Stevens  
Editor

Managing Editor  
Mc. Sherry

Associate Editor  
Paul Gourde

Dee Gies

Writing Editor

John Rennell

Sandra Gough

John Rennell

# Take a second look.



Premium is more than a name. It's a reputation, an achievement. A very special, very mild Canadian rye whisky that knows no equal. Because no other is made from all rye grain. No other is batch distilled. Alberta Premium Canadian rye whisky is aged twice to mellowness and maturity in seasoned oak casks, for a full five years.

Alberta Premium not only tastes like a great rye whisky, it looks like a great rye whisky. Our famous label has the distinctive look of fine leather. Our handsome decanter bottle has all the originality of old glass. Try Alberta Premium for the look of it. You'll stay with it for the taste.

## Alberta Premium

A full five year old whisky at a three year old price.

## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

It's unlikely one in Canadian journalism had as much to do with the beginning as did Tom "Tom" Frayne — sitting on a sofa in a small apartment in Brandon.



Maurice, back in the Depression, "had a job reporting sports," he recalls. "It was winter and I was going to school, so I used to get up early. The only place warm enough to work was the bathroom, and I'd turn on the radiator, sit on the rim and write out my stories in longhand. It was a wonderful place to compose."

Frayne managed to combine reporting and school, in yet another offbeat manner. While he was working for the Brandon Sun, he found out that two local schools had been advertising stories in the paper. He approached the editor to advise that the stories were off the price of Frayne's wages so one of the schools agreed to pay him. The editor agreed, so did Brandon College, and Frayne was off to school. Political economy was his major, but sports his passion, and he was a member of the college basketball team as well as college tennis champ. The sports he couldn't play, he wrote about, and when he departed with a better knowledge of games than commoners, as well as a dashingly flair for writing his headlines, he landed a job with Canadian Press. Not bad for a 19-year-old!

The year from graduation in 1937 to 1938 have ended a variety of newspaper jobs and some books (his first, *The Mad Men Of Medicine*, being published this month in Macmillan and Stewart) and a being exercised (as well as *A Sports Thousand*). Most of those nine years have also meant a round-the-world cruise to winter sun California, years in which Frayne has been, in the words, "people." Four jobs for one living. An incredible number of stories, such as the one on Philadelphia Flyer coach Fred Shero (see page 38), for another. It is Frayne's *1114 for Marconi*.

He's come a long way from the cold pilot seat in Brandon. And it's been a good many years since Frayne studied political economy. When you've accomplished what he has, it's time, as they say in the sports world, for others to go to school on you.



## 1937: \$75,000 of life insurance cost \$780. Today, we've got it down to \$465.

Nobody needs to tell you about the high cost of living. Unless they're doing something about it. We are.

When we started in Canada, back in 1928, we pioneered term insurance. Ever since, we've been driving the cost of our life insurance down.

In 1937, the annual premium on our \$75,000 five-year term policy was \$780. This was for a man 40 years old.

Today that \$780 buys him \$134,000. Our agents specialize in term insurance. They know how to save you money. In Winnipeg, the man to talk with is

John Walsh, our General Agent. Since joining us in 1966, John has given his clients such outstanding service, he's won almost every award we offer. That includes our prestigious Field Superintendent's Award and Field Service Trophy. All of which means that of our 4,000 agents here and in the United States, John Walsh is one of the finest.

Look for our agents in the Yellow Pages. They can save you some real money.

Occidental Life, 2180 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario M4P 2G4

**Occidental Life**  
A Member of  
The Occidental Corporation

# "The tax man used to take a big bite out of my pay check. Now, I not only save tax dollars, I'm set for a comfortable retirement."

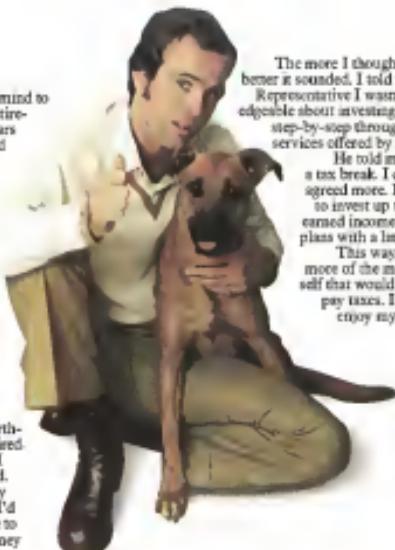
"It never even crossed my mind to sit down and discuss my retirement. I've got plenty of years before that day rolls around."

But the Investors Representative suggested I develop a plan with both short term tax benefits and long term retirement benefits.

When I'm in my prime and earning more, I should be able to invest more. At the same time I reduce my income for tax purposes. This further increases the size of my investment.

Then I'd draw up a plan to pay myself a regular, worthwhile income when I'm retired.

That's when I'd be glad I took the time to think ahead. I'm not sure how I'd use my additional income. Maybe I'd travel. I might even be able to retire early. I know this money would buy me freedom.



The more I thought about it the better it sounded. I told the Investors Representative I wasn't too knowledgeable about investing. He took me step-by-step through each of the services offered by his company. He told me I could use a tax break. I couldn't have agreed more. I was entitled to invest up to 20% of my earned income in registered plans with a limit of \$4,000.

That way, I'm keeping most of the money for myself that would have gone to pay taxes. I will have so I can enjoy my retirement."

## Investors makes it easier.

"My kids deserve the best. I'm going to make sure they can go to university. All ten of them."

"It does get a little crowded around the table. And there's usually a line up early in the morning."

When you're the father of three girls and seven boys you're pretty aware of how to spend your money. And the money you have managed to save is very important to the family's future.

So when the Investors Representative suggested I invest my money, I thought about it at least ten times.

He covered all the Investors services and recommended one guaranteed certificate for each kid. We arranged them as education plans. Two have already matured, and the others are growing just fine.

I wanted a little more to help my retirement.

I decided what I could comfortably put aside and organised a Registered Retirement Savings Plan. I've even got a little left over for an eleventh education plan if there's a need."



That was ten years ago. He explained the many services offered by Investors. Went carefully through each plan. Then we worked out a program for me.

I just sat back, let my investment grow and accumulated dividends. When I was ready, so was the cash. Now my Investors man and I are working out a new program—for me and my employees.

Like they say at Investors, it's easy."

**How Investors makes it easy.** Only Investors brings the kinds of financial planning services usually associated with banks, stock brokers, trust companies and insurance companies to your home. Think of your Investors Representative as your own personal money manager. He's easy to find in the Yellow Pages. Or write: Investors Syndicate Limited, 280 Broadway, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3B6.

**Get your future going today.**



*Investors*  
SYNDICATE

# ED BROADBENT: PICKING UP THE PIECES OF THE NDP

By Walter Stewart

A nearly derisorious voice asked me why, if I thought I knew so much about politics, I didn't run for office. I replied, "Because, that I found out, politics, but that wasn't all of it. You begin to see. The truth is that a politician's job is, by and large, to run. We've got your nose, but our emphasis should always be on what's in effect, and you are compromised in the confusion of history." Take Robert Broadbent. He could argue that he is the second-best man at his job in Canada, all he has to show for seven years in Ottawa is a one-way ticket to Nova Scotia. His world's so madded like that in any other industry — except professional sport, where the same rules apply. Or take Ed Broadbent, the interim and probable future leader of the federal NDP.

When Broadbent reached for the leader's mace in 1971, it was dimmed, in fact, he wound up in the corner that missed David Lewis. Now, nobody else wants the job, and the MP from Galt-Oshawa-Whitby is welcome to it. Former Saskatchewan Premier Allan Blakeney or Manitoba Premier Ed Schreyer could have the leadership for the asking, both of them were shouting about it before the July election. The NDP representation in the House of Commons, and former the leader's job from power-broker to also-ran (Werner Barrett of British Columbia was never seriously considered by the party, least, no ingloriously, anyway, they believe.) When the party convenes next March to pick Lewis' successor, Broadbent's rivals will be candidates of modest repute — such as Lorne Nystrom and Ray Konopow of Saskatchewan, and John Murray of Ontario. In all likelihood Broadbent will become NDP leader.

But he will shunt a likely ship to troubled waters; it's as if the captain of the *Titanic* called up his engineer and flagged him down the hatch and told him not to trouble any more head-scratching.

Never mind; politicians are a cheery lot, and the other day Ed Broadbent was saying that he was glad to have the helm. He hinted that, while he knows there are difficulties ahead, he expects to look back on these days as the chipping away to the party's climb to power. This will be so, he suggested, because of a change induced by the new election act.

The act, Broadbent believes, will shift the party's emphasis away from the provincial level to the federal sphere. "In the past," he said, "the federal NDP has been a charity case; we depended on what we could wrangle out of the provincial parties in the strong provinces [i.e., Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and B.C.], and the members always thought of themselves as provincial members first. After all, their memberships are provincial, and they get everything from the provinces — meetings, a newspaper, a sense of belonging. What do they get from the federal party? — 200 pamphlets to deliver every election."

Broadbent believes all that will change. The new election act operates through the federal structure, especially the all-important matter of who gets out the recruits for tax-de-



ductible donations. Cliff Section, the federal secretary, is the party's official agent, and he and his delegates will control the money. So, Broadbent has two hopes: one, that the loss of a tax deduction will not be a sufficient penalty to part with more money for the NDP; and, two, that much of the new money will stay at the federal level.

Broadbent would like to launch a permanent drive for a salaried number of staff; he won't say how many, but it's not hard to guess — about 20, the 30 the party had before July 8 and 17 or 18 others where it is strong enough to dream about dreams. He wants to forestall most of the party's money and effort into those seats, using the constituency technique which has worked so well for the NDP's provincial elections (Broadbent used the technique himself in the last election; he had 700 volunteers working in Galt-Oshawa-Whitby and boosted his victory margin from 123 votes to more than 10,000). With these moves, he hopes the party will be resurrected in the next election, and can be taken seriously once more in a possible future government.

Cliff Section, the NDP federal secretary and the man on whom, in the end, Broadbent will have to depend, agrees that in theory this sounds fine. But the NDP doesn't rely on money, and the services of a salaried staff aren't up to the task. Section's answer is that the climb will have to be worked out with the provincial groups. "The contribution tally shows very strict rules about what should happen to money in this party. But what happens in fact is that I call BC and say I have to have 50,000, and they put it in the mail, or somebody from the provinces calls me for 30,000, and I get a bank loan and send it out. That won't change." In short, if any leader's militant cause welling out of the ground because of the new law, there will be a catch-22; who gets to keep them, and that dispute will be settled in the usual way, by some sort of sowell.

Just the same, Section agrees that Broadbent, whose "charming naïveté" he admires, makes a good case for more centralization. He also agrees that Broadbent is the obvious front-runner in the leadership race (this doesn't mean that Section backs Broadbent; he has no public favorite, but would certainly have favored Allan Blakeney's candidacy in other circumstances).

So perhaps the NDP should stop whistling the blues and start keeping *Hokey Pokey Are Here Again*, but it wouldn't hurt, just in case, to practise up on that other old standby, *Never Say Goodbye*.



## BACARDI and UNcola. UNderful.

UNcanny how the smooth, subtle flavour  
of white or light-amber BACARDI rum brings  
out the brightness of 7 UP.



BACARDI rum. For a nice cocktail when. E&M Distillery Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 708, Brampton, Ont. L6X 1A6.

# THE AESTHETICS OF KNOT-TYING: STRAIGHT, CLEAN AND SIMPLE

By Harry Bress

In an age in which man goes to surging Mediterranean beach clubs where they use beads to buy the initiation of water-skiers, stiff-spined naked girls, I hesitate to lather a surfer on this as a necessary pleasure by saying the joys of tying a bowline on a sight. I mean, body hydration isn't the end of hobbies for the masses, the working-class gourmet, the after-supper swinger, the Sunday sailor, the viscerotically in every corner and the general proliferation — fauna that a person's taught for a rich man's life — of more pleasures for more people than the world has ever known? So such a dear, who wants to sound like a Boy Scout leader?

"Now boys," he says, "just remember that. Few things in life offer more drop-down, limbo-phobic, solid satisfaction than simply knowing how to tie the right knot at the right time for the right job. Matador, show the other lads the difference between a real knot and a gimp."

His kindly locution, in his 30s, he's right you know. You can find few things so elegantly unsophisticated, basically innocent and clearly carried as a properly tied knot. In a world that reaches with seemingly encroaching values, a knot is always a knot, more or less. A knot is either right or wrong. If it's wrong, it's an abomination of all right, if it's margin of virtue to perfection. Around a small boy's good knot there's no pride. A bad knot can hurt you. That's because it's a margin of chaos over divine order.

Knots, the right knots, have always been essential to lighting and drying shacks, logs, houses, railroad ties, bridge supports, the very skeletons of the great temples of the world. Country knots were more important than six gramm of the reticulation of the old West. Without knots, how could Michelangelo ever have hung up his there under the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? For four and a half years? Without knots, where would strangled environments be today, and, without stringed instruments, where would classical music be? That, in art, music, religion, engineering, transportation, architecture, in everything by which we measure the progress of civilization, the humble knot has played its part. The reason of the knot is a bigger story than The National Doubts.

To make a good knot there is to dip your hands in the whole flow of human history but, at a more basic and exciting level, it is an irrefutable instance of a maker's manual competence. You've no idea how important that can be to a lithering bunch of old fellas I know, guys who can either run their own businesses, strip down their own outdoor actions, build nautical jetties, and tell you exactly what a nautical joint is. (Myself, I've always thought a nautical joint was a drinking place in the sky.) They invite me. Somehow, the fact of their girth is an affront to my vanity. You see, I was 38 before I changed my first wristband, and I have yet to install a curtain rod without blemish.

There's another thing about these guys. They're insufferably smug. They're always showing their tools and passing judgment exactly where they belong. They're a connoisseur between manual efficiency and personal ascendancy, and I'm sure



it's obvious. As infants, I suspect those guys wet their diapers more neatly than I did, and now, I can't even smile through a room without reflecting it with a mysterious air of disapproval. Deep down, I've always known that knotless inefficiency as a handman and chronic personal sloppiness were both symptoms of the same shortcomings in the manlike virtues of discipline, determination and control.

Ah, but my knots! They are my animal redemption. A good knot is the epitome not only of efficiency but of nobility as well. A good knot is so round, so firm, so fully packed. It enables a man to make a point of rope do exactly what he wants it to do in seconds (which is more than one can always say of unskilled folks, even at a Mediterranean beach club). It holds tight under tons of pressure but, the moment you no longer need it, it vanishes as a patch of the thumb and a twist of the wrist and does without complaint. It is the ultimate in flexibility and endurance, and if there's anything we perince in a good knot, it's a good split.

Knot scholars figure that, down through the centuries, among masters of ropework have perfected over 1,000 different knots, bends, hitches and splices. Many of them are useless, and many are the signature efforts of craftsmen to elevate the functional to the artistic. That's why I've been trying to sell this 21-knot set \$2,000 for the truth is I know only well a dozen knots and a couple of splices. I'm no knot大师. I'm not even a ham hobbyist. That's a dozen knots all I really need to live correctly with a small sailboat named Moon Shadow, and — like Captain Quack with his bell bearings in *The Come-Along* — to occupy my hands in numbers of nautical series.

The knots I know best are simple and, in every respect, wholly admirable. The common reef knot, the figure of eight, the sheet bend, the clove hitch, the round turn and two half hitches, and the almighty bowline. Each has a purpose of its own but the "King of Knots" is the bowline. You can use it to join lines, to make a knot, to tie it to a ring or attachment. You can use double bowlines to make seats for people, bowlines on lights to make handles for sawing. Spanish bowlines to make loops for scaffolding.

I love knots. Whether coiled in repose, or taut on the job, or winding out from Moon Shadow to a dockside hand, knots are awesome stuff. The scurvy, brawny, mauls-like, vehicle of a billion knots down through the centuries. — the hand, hulky, colorful polypropylene line, which floats — the light cotton line that's only on your hands — the silty nylon line, strong as steel yet flexible as a girl's tantalizing hair. I love them all and the things I can do with them, and I'm especially fond of my exquisite eye splices.

The splices always work. The knots never fail. They do something for my self-respect. My pleasure is cheap, portable, serviceable, dependable, harmless to my health and, unlike the man-made pleasure of the body, it remains satisfying for as long as life moves in your fingers. You should try it. Master the mighty bowline first. The rest is easy.

## Fisher-Price would like you to meet our girls.



These appealing little lap-sitters were created with the same thoughtfulness and care that go into every Fisher-Price toy.

Soft huggable bodies to cuddle and coddle. Sweet faces and hands to wash up before supper and kiss before bedtime. Hair to comb, and clothing that fastens and unfastens easily. And every one of our girls has a personality all her own. Jenny is wisful.

Elizabeth is a heartbreaker. Natasie, a dimpled Mary looks trusting. Audrey has mischievous eyes. And Baby Ann is, well, a baby.

And now that you're acquainted, can they come over to play?

Look for Fisher-Price Dolls in your favorite Fisher-Price Toy Center.

# REPATRIATING EDUCATION: THE STANDARD OF NEW JERSEY

By Dave Bradley

Dennis Schleiferman looks like a squat, unsmiling young ass. He says some means "good teacher" in English, and most of the time he lives up to it. But when his alma mater, the University of Windsor, told him he had his honors degree in psychology and he'd be average, it wasn't good enough for its graduate school, he got lifetime read.

What kind Dennis is, though, his mentor says, based largely on a few produced and served in the U.S., the fact that all the eight members of the admissions committee were American, and that five of the six places in the first year masters program in psychology went to U.S. students.

Dennis, who is 23, could scarcely be more Canadian. His French-Canadian family has lived in Ontario since it was Upper Canada and he's barely bilingual. He's also a good student by any standard. Four years ago when he graduated from Windsor's Assumption College High School he took with him its Man of the Year Award for outstanding leadership and a scholarship from the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association. He's here as the University of Windsor's president's roll of scholars for this past two years and the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities followed up his good performance with a \$3,000 graduate scholarship.

The future looked bright until the committee on admissions handed in its recommendations. The committee gave equal weight to three factors: marks, recommendation from faculty and the score on the Graduate Record Examination (GRE), a two-hour test produced and scored by the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey.

It was the test that killed his chances. Dennis admits it was not surprising that he didn't do well. Whatever he does to a question, he's covered too U.S. oriented — such as those that assess the nature of the U.S. president, the significance of Southern U.S. gestures, black-white race relations or the role of U.S. Senators — he cringed it out and wrote in what he knew Canadian.

The committee announced its decision on March 27. And Dennis started shooting. One of the photos he showed was the editorial offices of *The Windsor Star* when printed his charges the next day. The reaction was immediate and intense. First the dean of graduate studies at the university, Dr. C. P. Crowley, announced he was blocking an appeal by Dennis and three other Windsor graduates. Then an American psychology professor, Dr. Lawrence La Fave, charged that the four graduates didn't truly have A averages and raised grade point averages to the point. The university's president, Dr. J. Francis Ladd, publicly represented La Fave for "gross breach of confidentiality." Another American professor, Dr. Robert Englehardt, a member of the admissions committee, defended his decision by contending that University of Windsor professors are over-grading. Windsor Ladd challenged the allegation and produced an analysis of 40,000 grades given last year to back his point. Finally, Ted Bassani, NDP member for Windsor West and a former U of W professor, raised the issue in the Legislature.



The Legislature is the last place any administrator at the U of W would want Dennis Schleiferman's charges heard. Over the years the U of W has been finished in debtors

and the Ontario Ministry of Colleges and Universities, James Auld, told reporters he would consider Donald's proposal that professor-made standards be set up for admissions to all graduate courses.

Outside the Legislature, he told reporters he is "feeling in" the question of foreign teachers on the staff of Ontario universities, but that it was too early to announce any proposals.

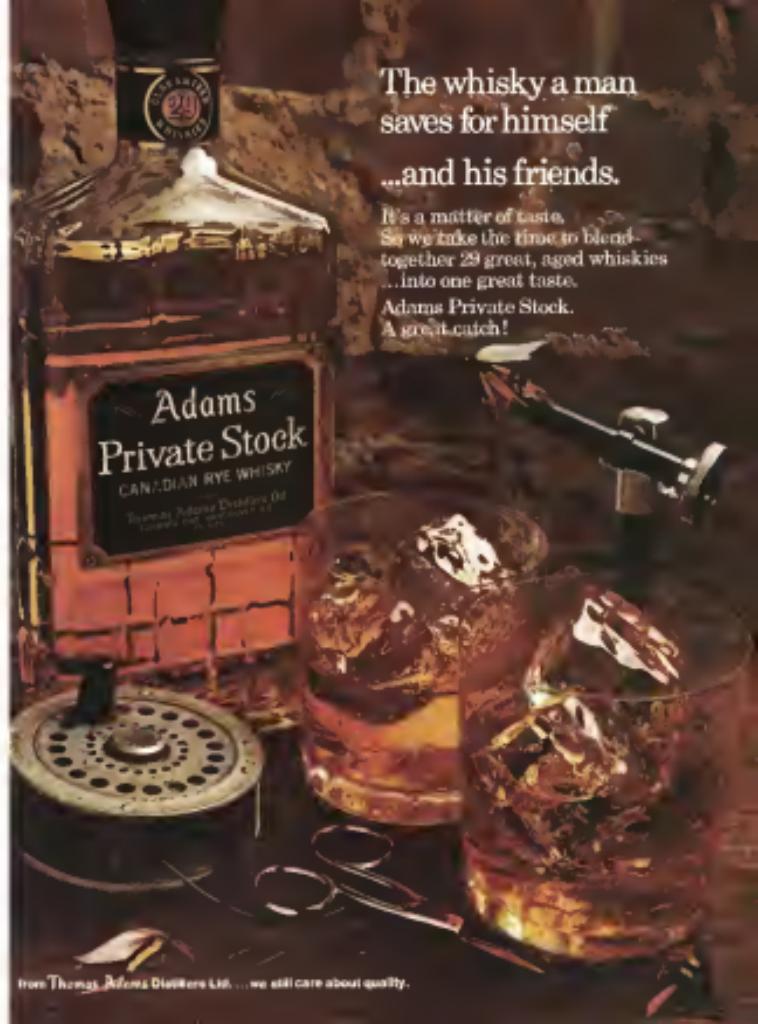
"Looking in" on this case means studying the recommendations of the Select Committee on Economic and Cultural Nationalism, submitted last fall. The committee urged universities to award "substantially higher" numbers of Canadians on Ontario university faculties. Any move in this direction would have a profound effect on most Ontario universities, at the University of Windsor it would be revolutionary. Not that the situation in Windsor is unique. The University of Toronto advertised this year for professors of sociology at various levels. When the selection process was finished and the seven appointments were finally made, one was sent to the west, to the north and 30 Canadians replaced 16 of the seven foreign professors hired, an wrote Armstrong.

Windsor has a higher proportion of American faculty members than any other Ontario university — so many that it has been unfairly dubbed Windsor State U. The select committee found that over all, more than a quarter of Windsor's faculty was made up of American citizens. In the controversial psychology department, only 35% are Canadians. In the music department, only 37% are Canadians, and in technology, a mere 25%.

Donald's influence was his bottle. For a place in graduate school, the committee decided — in his case only — to disregard the results of that American-made test. He will believe it shouldn't have been required in the first place. The University of Guelph's psychology department, he points out, doesn't use the GRE nor do many other departments at the University of Windsor itself. If graduate level testing is regarded, he continues, it should at least be through an examinee produced and served in Canada, not New Jersey.

Dennis is back at classes after a semester at the Southwestern Regional Centre at Cedar Springs near Chatham, where he worked as a psychologist monitoring the abilities of the children sent there for care and treatment. He says that, although he was apprehensive about the possible results of his immigrant status, he's encountered no discrimination in his faculty. But he wonders about the teaching assistant job he applied for and didn't get. And at times he wonders if myspace's really listening.

During the month the head of the psychology department, Dr. Marian Best, a Canadian, was on sabbatical leave. She was replaced by, you guessed it, an American from the University of Pennsylvania.



The whisky a man  
saves for himself  
...and his friends.

It's a matter of taste.  
So we take the time to blend  
together 29 great, aged whiskies  
...into one great taste.

Adams Private Stock.  
A great catch!

from Thomas, Jefferson Distillers Ltd. ...we still care about quality.

# Stelco boosts capacity of Canada's largest steel plant to record 6 million tons



Left—Stelco is known for its environmental leadership by the scrubbing to date of over 100 million tons of smoke and dust. At Hilton Works, pre-combustion capture removes particles, reducing emissions to acceptable levels.



Left: Stelco's Hilton Works now has another blast-furnace capacity. Four new tuyeres are being fired. Total 24,000-tonne heat capacity will bring average iron between 2,200° F and 2,300° F in process time for casting.

Stelco, Canada's foremost steel-making company, has increased steel output to meet the burgeoning demand of Canadian industry. In fact, the past twenty years has seen a quadrupling of production at Hilton Works in Hamilton, Ontario, regarded as one of the world's most efficient steel plants. In 1968, at a cost of approximately \$420 million, Stelco has been engaged in expanding and renovating the facilities at Hilton Works to bring the plant's capacity up to 6 million tons of steel per year. This major project is now in its final phase.

The intensive activity at Hamilton is only one facet of Stelco's current expansion program, which is unique in Canadian industrial history. Other major projects are located in Contrecoeur, P.Q., Northern Ontario, Edmonton, Westmount, Quebec, and the north shore of Lake Erie. The aim has been set for a doubling of Stelco's steel production capabilities by the 1980s.

At present, there is a tight steel supply situation throughout the world. Canada needs more steel than it now produces domestically. Stelco is working vigorously to fulfill that need.

## The Hilton Works expansion and modernization program

- new series oxygen furnace shop
- improvements in blast furnace techniques
- greater soaking pit capacity
- new Bloom and billet mill
- complete conversion of rod mill to bar production
- major modification of second rod mill
- new slab-cooling and handling system
- new slab-heating furnace and supporting two fires
- complete modernization of annealing furnaces
- modifications to plate and strip mills

**stelco**

The Steel Company  
of Canada, Limited

A Canadian-owned company with plants and offices across Canada and representatives in principal world markets.

# EDDIE SHACK: A HUSTLER ON THE ICE— AND OFF

By Ray MacGregor

late last January, after career appearances in only a very few hockey games, Eddie Shack landed a permanent lifelong spot on the Toronto Maple Leafs with Paul Henderson full in. And the Enterpriser was on a rampage — scrapping and scoring — inspiring the Leafs to seven straight victories. It was a comeback impressive in more ways than one, up until the night he was picked as the game's first star, the three-star champion (fourth overall) in the International. Eddie had been just a man of few words, a taciturn, unassuming, Eddie, the shorthanded first. He sang out like Brahms in a radio, inclined to smile, not to present his theories, laughing hysterically. A slight twist, but it eloquently told Canadians what they'd been missing in their national game: you Eddie became a star again simply because he loved the sport. Most fans around the world turned to support. Everyone called about this courageous, bold step, this spontaneous gift to a bored audience, but few people were aware that this move, like most Eddie Shack moves, was carefully calculated.

"I'd wanted to do that since I left Toronto in '61," Eddie claims. "But Foster Hewitt would never let me. I'd worked on that move for years. I was sick of players going out there in their sleep and maybe waving. Hell, if they pick you, then you're a star. You may as well go out and give 'em a what. You're a star, man."

Eddie's been calculating these things all his life. "Basically, I'm not a hockey player," he says. "I'm a businessman. I love making money." That aside, and the hundreds of efforts that have marked his career, have compensated for any game skills he might be lacking. What other seven-goal center does last season landed these promotional plugs this year? (Canucks' Trout, Thomson and Pecarick.)

Shack himself has been hunting, looking since he could shake. Ask him his biggest goal in hockey and you'll get "My first paycheque." When he played junior hockey in Guelph, Ontario, he convinced the team's sponsor, Blawie Electronics, to give him a cassette tape to help him to believe in his players throughout the entire league. Guelph dropped off, had a slip in Toronto before heading up to hometown Sudbury, took up a men's car and drove it up north for a \$1500 paycheque managed to scrounge from the mother of taxes (franchise) he got traded to the NHL. In every new city he'd buy an old house, fix it up, and turn it over for a handsome gain. He taught himself how to buy and sell realty, he's even dabbled in paintings ("If it's got a European name on it, it's a buy").

It was all done for a very personal reason: money means respect. And you can't gain much respect when you can neither read nor write. "I can't even make out my own cheques," he admits. Yet he knew if he made money he'd at least have security. When he moved with the New York Rangers in 1958, they paid him \$7,500, and a senior got much more: "All through the Sixties I never made better than \$10,000."

So Eddie swiveled. He wheeled and circled his way to a small fortune, making himself probably the wealthiest (short-



est) man in the country. He didn't have to dig for all of it — he made some and lost some through whimsy. When Shack played for French infantry Lewis he rented a house from Alexander M. J. Bayley, and Bayley took a big share. Eddie Bayley was a shareholder with K. C. Irving in Brunswick Mining until one day he whispered to Eddie that he should buy it. Eddie had \$200,000 of his own, borrowed \$15,000, and used it to make over \$100,000 in the stock market. That was 1964, when French decided to close Shack to the minors. "I wasn't going to see Reebok," Shack says. "I had enough money, so I quit. (Lewis, his French inflow) we were giving it a try so I went way down back with the Leafs and began all about my stocks. Funny guy that Bayley—he told me when to buy or not when to get out. Ever still got the stock. It used to be worth \$20 a share — now it's three bucks."

Other deals showed human nature. He once bought 9,000 NHL packs wholesale and doubled his money by selling them to lots of banqueters. He once bought 9,000 Eddie Shack golf balls, Eddie Shack shirts and even hats. There's a blue dye in the corseal dyes that makes it hard to retrieve lost balls, and if you look closely at the pro shop you'll notice stacks of maddly balls, selling low for a dollar.

We played golf course together early this fall and Eddie passed it using only three clubs: a putter, a four iron and an eight. I watched him very closely. Eddie Shack doesn't cheat. He tried it once and didn't like it. When he and Eddie Kelly got back together in Pittsburgh in 1972, Kelly was uninvited one night in his hotel room. Eddie, slightly drunk, sat at the room's only table and began to sing. The room's inhabitants in Toronto in 1966 and the last part of the school '64, Eddie had been given credit for a different goal that had some sort of Kelly's own. Eddie was warned to cover up, the pack had never noticed him. But Eddie at the time had only 24 cards he needed 23 to pick up his hat, and he had lied unconvincingly.

Eddie was running a book, to sum it up. He'll probably never score 23 goals again in a season, it's a record for a journeyman player. Eddie can't be far away, and once today's done with the nose, the look is as if someone once tried to land a 747 between his ears won't ever go up as often on television. Nor will the monomeric that spreads like the breadth and density of an eagle's wings. Nor will the forever same enumerations, the passing green eyes. Still, Eddie's going to get by. And he won't have to resort to die.

Until he has to retire, through hell will keep dying out for Eddie unless he does this year, even if it means sitting out most of the games at the end of the bench. His reasoning is pure Shack — "One seat over and if I cost my \$12 just to watch"



**When you  
buy a Zenith, what you don't see  
is just as important as what you do.**

What you see, when you buy Zenith Solid State Chromacolor II, is a picture so good it has set a new standard of excellence in color TV picture quality.

What you don't see is the remarkable color TV system behind the picture.

#### Power 100% Solid-State Chassis

The most powerful chassis Zenith has ever built. Cool-running solid-state drivers bring you a brighter, sharper color picture and greater dependability.

Modular construction makes it easy to service the chassis should that be necessary.

#### Brilliant Chromacolor Picture Tube

The patented picture tube that is even brighter and sharper, with greater contrast and detail than its predecessor which won a scientific award for picture excellence.

#### Zenith Power Sentry Protection

Another Zenith first. This specially designed voltage regulating system stabilizes performance and improves chassis and picture tube life by guarding against household voltage variations you can't even see. And, equally important to you, Power Sentry enables Chromacolor II sets to perform on less energy than ever before.

These are three of the important things you don't see that help to make a Zenith a Zenith. And, of the Zenith color TV you want costs a little more, you'll know something else, too: it's worth it.

The Award WIN Model 1000000. Illustrated TV Picture.

**ZENITH**  
SOLID STATE  
**CHROMACOLOR II**  
At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes out.

# Electronic, split-second accuracy!



## BULOVA ACCUTRON®

Accutron - the proven leader in accuracy and dependability - (guaranteed accurate to within one minute a month) is a watch you'll be proud to own, or proud to give as a gift. Craftsmanship and meticulous detail is inherent in every Accutron timepiece. Wherever fine jewelry is sold.

Across Canada, wherever fine jewellers are sold. Search for an outstanding Christmas gift! Look for this symbol of distinction.

**BULOVA®**  
**family-of-time**  
**GIFT CENTRE**

THE BULOVA WATCH COMPANY LIMITED  
100 Bayley Drive, Toronto, Ontario M4A 2C2



## WOMEN COURTING SAPPHO: IF I ONLY COULD, I SURELY WOULD

By Myrna Kostash

Before Sappho died, there was duality. In the last, bleak days, when I felt I was on my own among male relatives, male bosses, male lechers who were ill, at one time or another, doing numbers on me, my only out — I thought — was celibacy. Staying alone.

There was a real marital consolation in my years-old fantasy of becoming a man (white skin, young and debonair) dressed within skin walls that were impermeable to men, though made of air, of being a mystique, a male in female, enclosed within female, a female in male, ready to take male roles in my black more, or even (when I was really angry) of being a female-imbued member of a female gang, a vigilante squad which would beat up, and worse, all the men who had ever done me wrong. In none of these fantasies of course, would I ever fall in love. I was shepherded. Male-faced, cold-syrup, spurning the delegations of would-be lechers who had come tactfully to woo me and who had to run away discomfited with the knowledge they had lost forever the priceless treasure that was myself! It was, as I say, a fantasy, and others like it (at play all the time) in conversations among women of a certain age, passing each other a bottle of wine, beginning with an exchange of information about birth control, were, in fact, fantasies of autonomy and self-determination, compensations for the lack of affective power and control we had in waking life. In such conversations, the complaints passed out like water from the hose of a dish-washer (mirth, misery, and anguish): men make love too perfunctorily, they are ignorant of the idiosyncrasies of our anatomy, they don't talk enough in bed, they feel sorry for themselves if we don't have orgasms, they pretend sex has nothing to do with love, they get lay me out of shape and accuse us of being old-fashioned, they are afraid of passion and commitment, they want to be helped, they're fickle and disloyal, and they want sex if you don't keep up their dirty talk. No name, no shame, no sex if you don't keep up politics being what's in the everyday world we see, they don't care. What we asked avoided the topic: what was there, then?

The alternative is this usual maddeningly sexualized no-holds-barred sexuality in a certain way, you were tranquilly away in every no heterosexually the way you had been. That didn't seem to be very many there around, who were willing and able to go the long, audacious and unpredictable route with you toward joyful lovemaking. Before the Women's Movement, yes, either, if you were married, popped pills which your sympathetic shrink, presented (for anxiety about "frigidity") at all you can eat and lose it, too, if uninvited got involved in work and periodically would off into a fit of狂怒 and self-reproach. This was born the dyke is the gray flamelet self.

Then came the cult of Sisterhood and with it another possibility chapter. We women could know each other. It had a kind of logic entirely which had to do for experience — what did we know in these days of living intimately with women and voluntarily choosing each other's com-

pany over that of men? If everything we were saying about women was true — that we are relatively strong, intelligent, compassionate, wise and sexy — then, to be consistent, we should make our privacy emotional, intellectual and sexual bonds with each other. After all, women are so nice! And we seemed to contain the very qualities we had been looking for. Empathy, as in love, sympathy, as in love, understanding, support and encouragement, passion and pleasure, and, of course, a spiritual guidance to conduct our hearts and minds, amending. What could men offer on this world which the dignity of our friendships with women, in which we felt relaxed and honored for the first time in ages?

It was pointed out that they could offer romance and sex. Since most of us were still, psychologically at least, heterosexual, this was not to be ignored. We made spontaneous remarks back among the men just in case if anything, had changed since the advent of our feminism, only to return in the severity, longings, in needles that feelings seemed to us worse. Not only had new changes occurred in the various areas of sexual politics, but new and our most consciousness about the nature of these politics and our own experience sensitivity to the behaviors of sexism still reverberating within us. "Take me, I'm yours!" — made a virtually impossible to live peacefully in tandem with a male lover. The solution was obvious: if falling in love and making love are natural human activities, find a female lover.

Again, there had a certain logic quite apart from the fact that most of us had never been to bed with a woman. In Sisterhood society, they took love to those you love. And, since we all were saying we loved each other, then it seemed only reasonable to follow through actually. Here was the chance to make love with someone who understood you, knew what year you'd been and dreams were (what was allotted to her), and cherished your femininity. How could you resist?

It was joined mostly by a desire to try intimacy for a while and to experience, during that time, being in bed with a woman in a way of intimacy unprecedented. The idea from the array of her face, the profusion of her breasts, for might not be a bad idea. There aren't many women I know, still, trying out or making love affairs with men "work," who look like that. The difficulty in it, for me at least, although I have in fact "fallen in love" there now with women, there is absolutely no, shall I say, biological urgency to push the feelings over the borders into sexual love. Of course, it's possible that we women long for men simply because that's the school we went to. But, until we grow up in a radically different culture, there's not much I can do about my sexual infatuation to women. There are many I love, yes, literally with desire and support, but when it comes down to that apparatus of the penis and the psychic agency of separation from the issue, there is only one usage, Adam. This is not particularly considering. It means, people, that women like me are reviving a classic game that men have played: offering one sex all our virtues, offering the other only our fail-

# YOUR VIEW

## An apology/Losing labor's love/Cleaning up the CBC

In an article on Ron Lancaster (*Kod Of A Lover*, October) Maclean's erroneously reported that a Winnipeg automobile dealer provided a car for Lancaster's use. In fact, the car was provided by a Regina dealer. Maclean's regret any embarrassment our error caused Lancaster or the Regina dealer.

### Benefits of labor

Since I am one of those whom Ed Finn has labeled "a highly young union convert," as *Losing's* *Love Lost* (Moy), my reactions to his article will be of some interest.

The Canadian labor movement is not a pyramidal monolith. By definition, once elected, do not square. The power to march legions of workers together and apart. It does not conform to the strict ergonomic models that journalists find convenient. Ed Finn's article indicates that he knows something about these realities but it nevertheless manages to offer to the rank-and-file unionist that the Canadian Labor Congress is the "hand off" of Canadian unions.

My beef is not with Finn's position so much as with the image completely unsubstantiated allegation and implication upon which it is apparently based. Let me deal with a few.

Finn says: "... labor's social activism doesn't go much beyond the passing of press resolutions at conventions..." and later: "At the level of the individual union — where the action is — the vegetative is almost entirely an unknown unknown."

Send to: Maclean's Subscription Department  
Box 9128, Postal Station A, Toronto M5W 1A5

Please change my old address label attached. My new address is below. Please allow six weeks for processing.

I would like to subscribe. Send me one year of Maclean's 10 in Canada \$11 outside Canada.

ATTACH  
OLD  
ADDRESS  
LABEL  
HERE

MR/MRS/MISS/MS

NEW ADDRESS

APT

CITY

PROV

POSTAL CODE

Dear Sirs:

I don't know what unions Finn has been observing but if he had visited some Steelworkers locals, for example, he would have found members and officials actively engaged in work for the New Democratic Party, the Canadian grape and胎生 layout, various community organizations and the union's own wide-ranging internal membership education activities. He would have been able to read union publications on taxation, northern development, the energy crisis, the early and right of Canadian Indians and to attend seminars on women in the work force. There are only a few examples, what goes on in my union. Many of these same subjects are discussed at summer and weekend schools put on by the Canadian Labor Congress and generally attended by numbers of unionists too small to support their own education departments. Since the Federal labor has not, through the central congress, the provincial federations and the individual unions, what is probably the largest grass roots adult educational system in Canada.

Organized labor's influence in the field of health care, social security and social standards has been and will continue to be of enormous value in all Canadian union members and others alike. Daddy enough, the period during which labor's combination of extensive bargaining and political activism has had its most substantial success has been the period since the two former negotiators turned to form the Canadian Labor Congress while, according to Finn, the movement

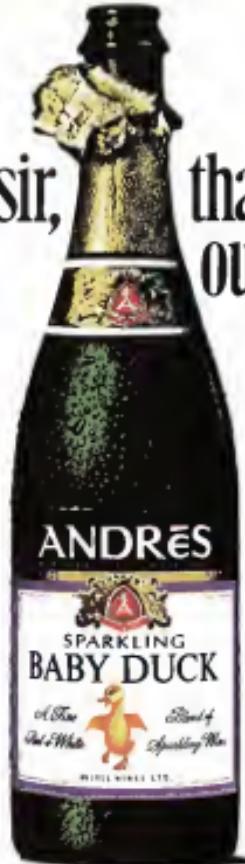
The resurgence of the Canadian labor movement comes more of mass than velocity. Our greatest pleasure is people working together and this movement has changed and benefited Canada in many ways, some of them hard to measure. Ed Finn and Maclean's appear to prefer something better but less substantial.

DAVID H. TAYLOR, ASSISTANT TO THE NATIONAL DIRECTOR, UNITED TRADES WORKERS OF AMERICA, TORONTO

### Corrupting the news

One complaint I have about the CBC. I would have liked Val Clary to quote in his article, *CBC: Propaganda For Father* (Jan.), concerning the existence of commercials in the one hour of *News and Current Affairs* that the local CBC stations across the country provide five nights a week for repetitive regional audiences (i.e., Moncton in Edmundston and Vancouver, 24 hours in Winnipeg and Toronto, City AM 51 in Montreal).

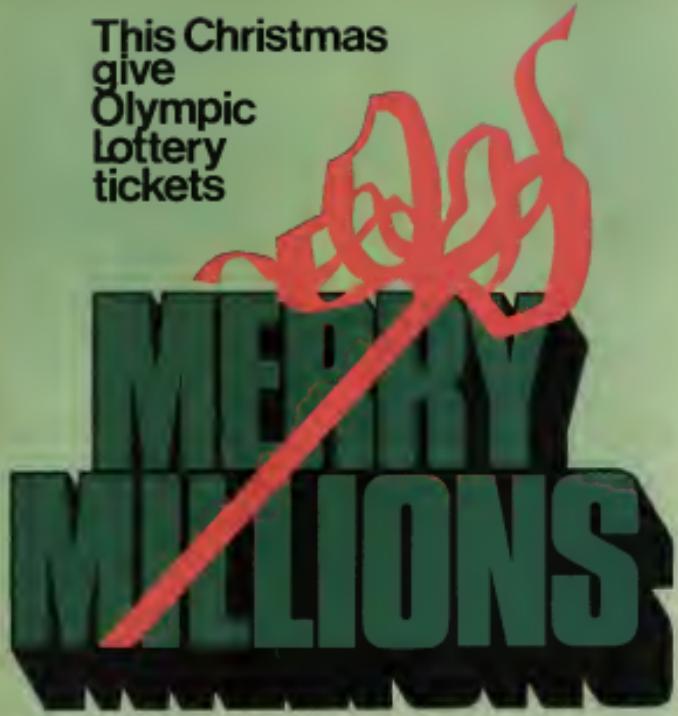
Yessir, that's our Baby



ANDRES  
WINE & SPIRITS LTD.

Canada's largest selling wine

This Christmas  
give  
Olympic  
Lottery  
tickets



Olympic  
Lottery  
Canada

4<sup>th</sup> drawing / February 16, '75

More than  
\$22 million in prizes  
cash/tax-free  
a possible 84,000 winners

1st PRIZE	\$1 million
2nd PRIZE	\$1 million
3rd PRIZE	\$500,000
4th PRIZE	\$250,000

Plus 10 other grand prizes,  
including 5 last prizes of \$50,000. each.

Buy your tickets now!

Available at banks, trust companies, caisses populaires, credit unions  
and retailers — depending on which province you live.

OR

Fill in and cut out the order form below and enclose your cheque or money-order for \$10 per ticket (NO CASH, PLEASE)



Olympic  
Lottery  
Canada



Loterie  
Olympique  
Canada

PER TICKET  
LE MILLÉT

NUMBER OF TICKETS  
REQUIS

AMOUNT ENCLOSED

NUMBER OF TICKETS  
REQUIS

AMOUNT ENCLOSED

1st place/1re place	\$1,000,000
2nd place/2e place	\$1,000,000
3rd place/3e place	500,000
4th place/4e place	250,000
5th place/5e place	200,000
6th place/6e place	150,000
7th place/7e place	125,000
8th place/8e place	100,000
9th place/9e place	75,000
10th place/10e place	50,000
11th place/11e place	50,000
12th place/12e place	50,000
13th place/13e place	50,000
14th place/14e place	50,000

NAME  
NAME  
STREET  
STREET  
CITY  
CITY  
PROVINCE  
GIFT FROM  
CÉSARAS EX

TEL  
TEL  
POSTAL CODE  
CODE POSTAL

POSTE DÉS MAINTENANT!  
MAIL NOW!

You'll recall that the CRTC congress laid the CBC for keeping News and Current Affairs free of the hint of commercials. And it is true that network News and Current Affairs programs are commercial free. The single exception is *Talk Thirty*, but who cares about an afternoon program with a small audience of ladies? And who worries about commercials in fully produced programs? Certainly not the CBC, which spends the greatest amount of money these days on pro-

grams, ours, and, apparently, not Pierre Trudeau and his colleagues even though they know as well as does the CRTC that by continuing commercials in a News and Current Affairs program such as Edmonton's *Westword* the corporation is guilty of wasting a modicum of money and respect and reputation.

PEPPER HYNOLIN, CBC, EDMONTON

## Needling doctors

Douglas Grieves, the communications director of the Canadian Medical As-

sociation, has every right to quibble with my critical references to sex-positive therapy as expressed in *May issue of Marley's*. But I believe he has no right to accuse me of attempting or especially of perpetuating a medical hoax — "a medical malady" — as he put it — on the Canadian public.

Whether Mr. Grieves and the not-survivors of the medical profession like it or not, sex-positives does work. What bothers them, I think, is that doesn't fit into their narrow thinking of the medical credo that has the doctor as the authority and occasionally mandate for all medical decisions. They don't want to go overboard — as I do in my story, we are for the most part off for the patients and can't survive if our approach to doctors has shown. But it has no negative side, I well, and it is — as Mr. Grieves puts in his letter — eloquently well-argued. What he is saying, whether he likes it or not, is that the Chinese, the Japanese, the French, Germans, Australians, et al have been preaching a responsible medicine, and have therefore disregarded their patient by the implement of sequester. This is also true of the worst kind. What he is saying is that while we, meaning Western Doctors, may not have all the answers, we will continue — because of our infallible method — to discover them.

Whether he recognizes it or not, an epiphany has been shown to work on all the things I said I worked to. He would deny it, a priori, but he is exposed and of no consequence. And if my article held up, he might see people like me that day was happened — because Mr. Grieves' western medicine could do nothing for them — then I'm glad, because hope any hope, is letter that has been signed in the trash heap of the academic system.

JOHN GAULIN, TORONTO

## Canadian Camelot

In June Colwood in *Margrethe's First Novel* (August) attempting to state a "Jackie Kennedy" in Ottawa? Do Canada need one? Miss Colwood's overbearing article indicates that she believes we do. It also appears that she would be pleased to lead such a magnificently perfect project. That is, if Canada's First Lady who was not "well to do, brilliant, beautiful" is selected by all.

If Mrs. Trudeau sincerely does a wish to be "postaged" as Miss Canada leads us to believe, then perhaps Mrs. Trudeau will be the lady away from Miss Colwood's et

ious attempt to do so. Finally, I would like to ask you to expand the *Year View* section of your magazine as it is one of the most enjoyable parts of *Marley's*.

D. CRAIG SPENCER, VICTORIA

It is truly difficult to describe the sensitivity of a person in words let alone in print. However, the article entitled *Margrethe's First Novel* written by June Colwood (August) achieved what seemed to be the impossible. When reading the article and viewing the accompanying pictures one has the illusion of actually standing with Canada's First Lady and experiencing what is written in words.

A truly wonderful work of journalism for which the author and *Marley's* magazine are to be heartily congratulated.

ERIK HEDFORS, WINNIPEG

Even though some Canadian journalists seem to demand the erosion of Canadian North I do with them what would show respect for and understanding of our political culture. Mrs. Trudeau is the Prime Minister's wife, she is no more Canada's first lady than Mrs. Wilson is Great Britain's. If her-necked labels are essential, then please do Mrs. Edger the courtesy of being correct.

As for the article's substance, I sat out to learn about someone who has been described frequently as a beautiful person. After plowing through a collage of gushy drivel it became apparent that the author had told me about a prime minister's private garage.

While it is difficult to know where the author's head is after reading Ernest Lehman's *The Big Bop-O*, I understand why it is where it is. Mrs. Trudeau instead of journalist Miss Colwood was doing a little myth managing.

DOUG SMITH, VANCOUVER

## Paying our dues

Maria Eagle makes a huffy complaint directed toward Canadian readers in her article *Our Authors Are Being Rippled Off* (June).

An president of the Writers' Union of Canada, she asks that we adopt "a library compensation system through which published Canadian writers might gain greater monetary compensation for their work."

A main point of approach ought be for the Writers' Union to visit its grievances to the publishers (over a negotiating table in other unionized fields) instead of moaning on one of the few small freedoms we have left —



There's a lot to like in the new CME 8000 Macro.

Like

Like

Like

Like a 10x zoom lens with two speed power zooming.

Like electronic flash (built-in), 1/1000th ultra slow motion. And more.

## One good Sankyo.

## Deserves another.

One like its perfect partner.

The *Dolice 2000* (July).

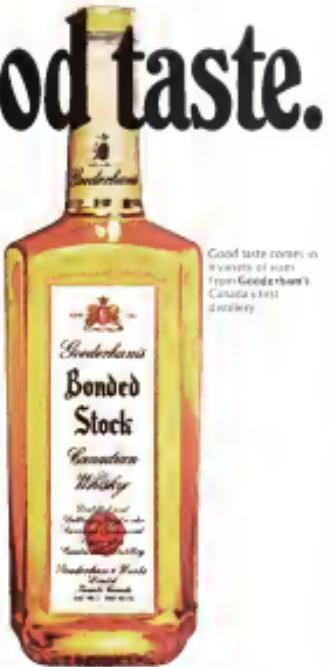
With fully automatic motorized focusing, ultra slow shutter, slow motion, still and movie projection for image memory effect. Ultra fast zooming. Super bright flash lamp.

One more important feature common to both: an international guarantee honored in 73 countries.

See your favorite camera dealer for the full range of Sankyo movie cameras including the low-light models and projectors. You deserve one.



For international service, McQuain Sales Company Ltd., 444 Vancleave, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada V8T 1X6.



Good taste comes in bottles of rum from Gooderham's Canadian Spirit distillery.

# There's more than one way to enjoy a smoke.

## MILDER: KAYWOODIE

Custom-crafted from the world's finest hand selected basswood and reed in only Kaywoodie known how. Hand shaped, hand worked to look as good as they taste. Double filtered, condenser moisture regulator. \$10.95 to \$35.



## SWEETER: YELLO-BOLE

Nothing is as Real Honey-colored wood pipe as this. Hand carved wooden handle features leather leather. If you're not completely satisfied return pipe to us and we will refund your purchase price. \$3.95 to \$8.95



## DRIER: MEDICO

Change the filter and your pipe is clean. The 66 billion an equivalent absorption Nafion filter removes tiny moisture, making smoking cleaner under Nafion but an guaranteed bite-proof. Pipes. \$3.95 to \$10. Medico Filters replace charcoal, charcoal, 10 for \$40.

**KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO**  
The World's Favorite Pipes

**YOUR VIEW /** continued from page 25

going to a free public library. A further union negotiating point might be the borrowing of book pages.

A good union is responsible for more than just the material betterment of its members; it is also responsible for bettering the society that spawns its members.

RON VIEKLER, YELLOWKNIFE, NWT

## Cook's Tour

Every now and then *Maclean's* magazine comes through with a story that touches the heart and makes one realize just what differentiation and greatness we Canadians live under.

Mark's Creek Twenty-Five Years Too Late (August) should be read by all Canadians for not only does it point out our total lack of memory concern for Newfoundland but also what we might accomplish if we too survive as a nation.

All Canadians are "as much a victim of circumstances" as our own distinguished writers.

It's time we wake up and breed a little respect and understanding for all the provinces, and territories, and people of Canada. If we don't well only drown in our ignorance and naiveteens of others' feelings.

MICHAEL PETERS, TORONTO

## A Pinsent Fan

In John Hobson's article Pinsent's Progress (August), Gordon Pinsent says that while trying to sell the script for *The Revolution* in Los Angeles — "one guy told me he thought it would be a great vehicle for Steve McQueen."

Can you imagine Steve McQueen in the role of a Newfoundland paper mill worker? That would have made it hard to move into a comedy for that, and McQueen makes no better a comedian than he makes a "Newfie."

I am grateful that the script stayed in Canada and that Pinsent was in fact.

M. A. BRAZIER, WINNIPEG

## Our pleasure

My husband and I enjoyed *Maclean's* by Hugh MacLennan (August) and John Hobson's *Pinsent's Progress*. But best of all we enjoyed *Scandinavia* by Sue.

SHILLA MCLEAN, AMHERSTBURG, ONT

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR** should be sent to *Maclean's* magazine, York Park, 881 University Ave., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7

**"When you're Sky Driving 2,000 feet above Hell's Gate, it's no time to get a flat."**



"Later, we celebrated our adventure with Canadian Club."

Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More people appreciate its incomparable taste. A taste that never stops pleasing. It's the whisky that's perfect company all evening long. Canadian Club® "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

*Canadian Club*

Canadian Club is distilled and bottled in Markham  
by Heublein & Sons Limited

"So long as you don't get a puncture... sky driving over Fraser Canyon, British Columbia, in a balloon mobile is a great way to travel. No traffic jams. No speed limits. No detours. Only the treacherous mountain currents, which we luckily avoided."



"After we landed, disaster struck. Thump-thump-thump! A blowout on a lonely, wilderness road. And 'Captain' Jon Simmonds of the good ship 'Balloon' was just another earth-bound driver... wrestling with a spare tire."



# 1975 MERCURY MARQUIS.

If this special kind of luxury agrees with you,  
so will our price.

For 1975 there are three series of Marquis—Grand Marquis, Marquis Brougham, and Marquis. Illustrated below is our lowest priced Marquis, the elegant Marquis that gets luxury well within your reach.

The '75 Marquis upholds the Mercury reputation for a superbly quiet ride. A long 124" wheelbase, the wide stance, a precision tuned suspension system and steel belted radial ply tires all contribute to the smooth comfortable ride.

Marquis styling has always been impressive, and this year it's even more so. The new vertical center grille design is set off by dual hidden headlamps, integrated parking/side marker lamps, and a new ornate stand-up hood ornament. This new styling is carried through to the rear with a totally new horizontal taillamp design.

Marquis is as strikingly beautiful inside as it is outside. It's luxurious with low back bench seating, deeply foam padded, for extra comfort and trimmed in rich beige cloth and

vinyl. Underfoot is plush yet long lasting 12 oz. cut pile carpeting.

There's a large list of standard equipment also which includes a 4.9 CID 2V engine with solid state ignition, automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power steering, deluxe wheel covers and steel belted radial ply tires and more.



What is rare to know is that all the Marquis luxury, all the fine standard features, plus the prestige of owning a Marquis, is well within your reach.

Compare Marquis to whatever luxury car you're now driving. We know Marquis special kind of luxury will agree with you. And so will our price.

## IMPORTANT NEWS FOR NEW CAR BUYERS...

Some 1975 cars will require the use of more expensive unleaded gasoline which is not readily available. We want you to know all Ford of Canada 1975 vehicles can be refueled with any gasoline, at any gas station, anywhere. This allows you to save and select the gasoline price that suits you best.

In addition to refunding convenience and choice, these fuel economy features are implemented into every 1975 Ford of Canada car: • Steel-belted radial ply tires • Brake fluid ignition • Improved engine tuning • Optimum rear axle ratios • Extended service intervals.



**MERCURY MARQUIS**  
*Luxury well within your reach.*



# HOW WE LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND SELL THE BOMB

All sales could be final  
BY WALTER STEWART

When India exploded a nuclear device on May 18, using materials and technology gleaned with Canada's aid, our initial response was one of outraged surprise, but in fact, more international experts were expecting the blast. The only real surprise was Dr. Ralph Lapp, the U.S. physicist and disarmament advocate, "We're sure that it took the Indians so long to perfect the bomb and that any Canadian was surprised when they did."

Canada's public position is that India betrayed the spirit of nonproliferation of nuclear fission weapons by testing the nuclear club, but in fact an argument can be made that it is Canada that betrayed the spirit of international nonproliferation.

Canada is a party to the nuclear nonproliferation treaty, which requires us not to help any other country—friendly or unfriendly—to obtain nuclear weapons. India has consistently refused to sign the NPT, and has reportedly indicated that it intended to have its own nuclear weapons, with or without our help.

It might be expected that Ottawa having been over embarrassed by the misuse of our equipment and technology, will be doubly suspicious of the future and will demand stringent safeguards in nuclear energy installations, but in fact, we are reportedly pushing the sale of reactors to such unstable na-



tion as South Korea and Argentina under safeguards that senior officials of the Nuclear Energy Agency of Canada—the agency charged with seeing that Canada's materials are not misused—regard as morally inadequate.

"Given there is strong pressure from Canadian public opinion," warns John McManus, AECA's assistant director of material and equipment controls, "we're going to sell Argentina a reactor under conditions that are completely unsafe."

For more than a decade Canada has been receiving warnings from its international community and its own experts that India could be using our gift reactor to develop weapons for itself. These warnings were barked out and the Indian explosion took place. Now

despite a public stance of moral innocence, we are doing our best to sell equipment and technology which are likely to expand the nuclear club even more and when in the hands of some South Korean or Argentine sets off a bomb of its very own we will be unable to ignore it.

How did we get into this mess?

The short, cynical answer is that open secret is that there is money to be made in reactor sales. The nearly completed sale to Argentina will bring \$800 million; the partially completed sale to South Korea will bring \$600 million. The longer, differ-

ent answer represents differentiated nuclear. The moral climate for these sales was set by Energy Minister Donald Macdonald, who, in a speech to the Washington Post shortly after the Indian explosion, Macdonald, per an armchair theorist, was to work on the nuclear dilemma when he said that some safeguards were "an international problem, not a Canadian one." He added, "After developing a very stable system, should we not sell it internationally?"

Certainly commercial gain is a factor in our anxiety to push nuclear sales, come what may, but it is not the only factor, and in understanding how we became involved in this dubious business it is necessary to retrace the story of Canada's nuclear involvement with In-

# WE GAVE INDIA THE KEY TO THE NUCLEAR CLUB

short and the unrelenting battle to defend us from our cause.

On March 21, 1958, Lester Pearson, then Secretary of State, for External Affairs announced that Canada had agreed to give India a reactor. The announcement was warmly received. We still carried word stories of the atomic explosions over Nagasaki and Hiroshima. 15 years earlier we knew the world knew that survival depended on defusing this terrible power that was to come. What better place to share our atomic knowledge than with our members of the International Commission on Peace and Disarmament? The Indian government was then in a position that could be trusted to use this new reactor for strictly medical, nuclear research, not for bombs.

So the first Canadian reactor for India was begun. It was called CIR (for Canada-India reactor) and it was designed for research, not to generate power — that would come later. It was a CANDO reactor for research, like the one at Chalk River. There is still no ordinary reactor for fuel (separation of the enriched uranium demanded by most U.S. bulk reactors) and heavy water (necessary to moderate the fission process) and no heat transfer agent. That is the name CANDU — Canadian Deuterium Uranium. At that time only Canada was employing the deuterium-uranium approach, and there were experts including some of our own who thought we were barking up the wrong tree. The Indian government, though, was not about to be left out, and they turned to us for an informed and responsible people. I provided a classroom for technical experts, a simple room for our work. Nobody at first questioned the CIR deal, nobody doubted that it would one day explode in our faces.

Although no Canadian could buy uranium, we alone owned equipment — except under a previous contract by the Atomic Energy Control Board, no safeguards were put on CIR. "Welch," John McMeekin, at the control board, "if it wouldn't look right for us to take the word of the Indian government."

That word consisted of one short clause prohibiting us to use CIR for anything but "peaceful purposes" and there was a question as to what those were. What if India wanted to build a bomb for "peaceful purposes" — to grow its kudzu for example, to dig canals or explore for oil?

The key point about a nuclear reactor is that the materials and technology required are essentially very similar to those used to build a bomb. In a way a reactor is simply a controlled bomb, the human factor is similar but in a reactor it is always held in

check. Experts in the control board began to worry about CIR long before it was finished, in 1960. And so, when we provided the reactor or fuel as first charge, we asked for a small safeguard — the right to inspect the fuel to make sure that none of our uranium was being diverted to other purposes. India agreed (in fact, the agreement specified that India had a right to inspect one of six nuclear sites as a pilot project but no attempt was ever made to do so). As it happened, the first were start-up problems with fuel, one element was only available for a reactor, and then India supplied it in one fuel. That ended any inspection rights we had in connection with CIR, and we did not ask for inclusion of the right to inspect the fuel until 1968 when we at last began to get really worried about safety. Two inspections of fuel rods were made, one in 1968, one in 1971, they showed that the uranium had not been diverting and that was that.

In 1964 India built a plutonium separation plant. Most of the plutonium in a CANDU reactor is nonseparable, 43-50% less than 5% of it is of the unique U-235 which is fissile and provides the energy. When U-235 is split it produces neutrons which are absorbed by the surrounding U-238 in a process that creates plutonium which is fissile and makes bomb bombs. The plutonium is produced in small amounts and in no good bomb material is must be separated and refined. In 1964 India built this plant and would do it in a bomb if we let them. We could not even begin to think that it was thinking of building a nuclear-bomb reactor. That bombs are held by were to be the next generation of atomic power producers, they are powered by a fissile material, and the reaction process produces another fissileable material. They will in theory, produce more fuel than they use. This "recirculation" (but there are many links in the process, not the least of which is a problem over its safety) India is still thinking about building a few breeder reactors. In the meantime, it has been able to steadily enough plutonium out of CIR to manufacture an estimated 20 atomic bombs.

News of the plutonium separation plant set off a couple of international alarms, and on November 2, 1964, NDNP MP Andrew Brauer rose in the House of Commons to ask the then External Affairs Minister, Paul Martin, about the danger of our reactor technology could be provided militarily to India. Martin, again, was noncommittal, but after that all was well, an assurance based on nothing more than pure hope and the loophole-ridden 1956 agreement.



By that time negotiations were already under way on what was to become the non-proliferation treaty, which (as many countries) came into force in 1970. The NPT bars any party to a fissile producing nuclear materials in anyone else except under safeguards. It distinguishes between states that already have the bombs who are permitted to use it for peaceful purposes, and those who don't who if they wanted to, off, nuclear explosive use. International monitors, must go through the appropriate international procedures (this is established) by asking a nuclear state to do the job.

India rejected the NPT (initially) and repeatedly, as reasons were put out by Indian High Commissioner in Ottawa, Uma Shukla Bapna. "What is the NPT?" he asked. "It is a set of rules for those who have the bomb and another for those who don't. It is the greatest discrimination. We have not forgotten that the first atomic bombs were dropped on Asians when they could have been dropped on Germans. We have not erased the significance of that." So what we say is that we will never use nuclear explosives for anything but peaceful purposes and we suggest that our word can be taken as easily as that of Russia or the U.S.A. We say in addition that we favor any treaty that bans nuclear weapons entirely and is universal in its application. We would agree to a ban on plutonium. And a plutonium bomb is simply a material of taste of bombs, cut down the plutonium that now exists and let just nuclear tests entirely. We believe in all these things, what we do not believe in is a treaty that says the Americans and Russians and Chinese can do certain things and we cannot."

What Bapna said to me was this: Indians do believe we're saying on word until 10 years ago, they made it clear that they rejected the NPT and that they intended in the absence of a real weapons ban to rely on nuclear explosives for their own use. Also in 1964, along with various Canadian and India began to build another major research reactor this time, beta a power plant, designed on the basis of the CIR, at Dorval Point, Ontario. There were eventually to be two CIRs, RAPP 1 and RAPP 11, the former built for Rappi, the Atomic Energy Project. RAPP 1 had preliminary power in 1973. RAPP 11 is still under construction. For these units Canada provided large loans and equipment, as in CIR, most of the money was spent in Canada and, as in CIR, we flew Indian technicians over to train our commissioners. In all Canada trained 274 Indian scientists at a cost of five million dollars. It was by far

the most precious gift, nuclear materials can be obtained elsewhere but know-how is irreplacable.

During the RAPP negotiations a quibble erupted among the Canadians who wanted to demand monitoring rights from India and those who were more anxious to make sure the deal went through than to quibble over safeguards. John McMeekin and the other Canadians saying lead, we can use RAPP as a lever, we can say we will get good results, the Indians agreed and signed CIR. We knew CIR was signed, here was a chance to do something about it. But the commercial people kept saying that if we don't give the Indians what they want, they'll buy it elsewhere, they'll pit it from the French or the Americans. That was the selling argument. Eventually it went to Cabinet and you know who won?

One of the problems with this battle of safety vs. implementation was that only one body — the control board — is responsible for the technical safeguarding aspects, while many other agencies — including Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, which builds the reactors, the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, the Export Development Corporation, the Canadian International Development Agency, and the Department of External Affairs — all have a stake in expanding Canadian trade. Not only is it the only way the employees AECB can earn a living, but there was a great divide between those who thought there was nothing in safety about and those who, like McMeekin, were very worried indeed.

So the international pressure, without against Canada, and the Indians with RAFF 1 and RAFF 11 were placed under safeguards to be enforced by the International Atomic Energy Agency, a UN body located in Vienna. It did not exist when the CIR deal was signed. Once more, there was a loophole. Under the unilateral agreement between Canada and the IAEA, inspections are mandatory, but either Canada or India could end the agreement on six months' notice after 1975 and then, if come the inspections, would void.

Even so, there was a mutual safeguard on RAFF 1, the chance to use the deal to its maximum.

In July 1966 Pakistan, a nation that has been at war with India three times in recent years and tends to be edgy about its neighbor, lodged a formal complaint with the Secretary-General of the UN charging that India was in the process of building a bomb. Pakistan had made similar complaints to Canada native, including a well-documented one in 1964, they were ignored.

## **NEXT CUSTOMERS: SOUTH KOREA AND ARGENTINA**

so was the complaint to the UN. Tom Rydell, and recently first secretary of the Palestinian embassy in Washington, told me, "After the Indians set off their bomb, I called one of the Canadians I had been complaining to and said 'Well, will you all still want us here warning you for years?' He said 'We've been far too busy to keep track of every little statement on atomic energy'."

In October of 1966, India took the public and formal argument before the UN General Assembly that there could be "peaceful" nuclear explosions, a position it repeated in 1967 and 1968 in regarding the NPT. Without going into detail, India said atoms, blasts could be used for such things as opening up harbors, mining and exploring petroleum resources.

In February 1988 Robert Winters then Minister of Trade and Commerce went to India with a threat that, unless that nation signed the NPT Canada would cut off mineral aid. India feared the threat went unaffirmed so opposition to the NPT and continued to collect aid. News reports suggested that India was stockpiling plutonium to make a bomb, one said "it has been reliably estimated that Indian scientists could make a bomb within one year." Again there was no reaction from Canada.

In January, 1971 when Prime Minister Trudeau stopped in Pakistan en route to the Commonwealth Conference, President Yahya Khan told him personally about his fears that India was making bombs with our aid. Trudeau said he was satisfied with the information contained in India's

For the record, I am not the one

In the fallout from that meeting, more news stories appeared. On January 13, 1967, military specialist John Gellman wrote in the *WaPo* and *Mail* that "India has a supply of weapon-grade plutonium which it could use in nuclear weapons." Next day Conservative backbencher Penny Ryan asked External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp: "Is the minister in a position to assure the House that India is not producing and has not produced any weapon-grade plutonium?" Sharp replied: "I do not know whether

with the Canada-India reactor in 1980.

Sharp responded on January 20 saying that yes he could give such an assurance based on the 1976 agreement that CIR would be used only for peaceful purposes (which ignored India's off-hand admission about "peaceful" explosions). "We have no evidence," said Sharp. "To suggest that the Indian government is not standing firm on the assurance it has given Canada... We had no such evidence because we hadn't looked for ourselves, and had brushed aside the evidence proffered by others."

On September 16, 1971, Indian spokesmen at the Continuing Conference on Disarmament at Geneva made it clear that India would construct its own nuclear devices (for "peaceful purposes," of course) and a number of such possible tests were put forward.

Finally, Canada reacted. On October 1, Prime Minister Trudeau sent a private letter to Prime Minister Gandhi of India, which caused the "concern" of the Canadian government regarding any further proliferation of nuclear explosive devices." Trudeau said that the nuclear explosion was peaceful and that if India wanted to set off such a bomb the NPT provided for it with the aid of a nuclear power. Mrs. Gandhi was having none of it. She replied on October 12, rejecting the notion that Canada could decide, at this date, the issue of "peaceful" explosions. "The obligations undertaken by our two governments are mutual and they cannot be unilaterally nullified," she wrote. "In these circumstances, it should not be necessary now in our view to interpret any agreement in a particular way, based on the development of a hypothetical contingency." She ended by pointing out that India had not signed the NPT. Both sides then discontinued the negotiations.

Had that statement been made public, in 1971 all he would have known then, the letters were released after the India exploit, with a Canadian explanation that Mr. Gandhi's use of "hypothetical contexts" implied a position not to sell an a-bomb, but neither the content nor the date necessarily will support that view. Mr. Lester was a warning that India wanted no part of Canadian restrictions and indeed Canada reacted on it if we thought a bomb was in the offing. Nowhere as far as India was concerned, and the nuclear training program almost scuttled off, up until October 1971, was issued 32 Indian scientists since then, we have thought eight.

Finally, on May 18, HTI Indians set off its bombs and confirmed that it had been made with plutonium recovered from CTR. External Affairs Minister Sharp, seem to be replaced, called the explosion "most significant".

Some Canadians were surprised — "I may be stupid and native," Lorrie Gray, president of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited, told him. "But I did not expect that harsh." Some were not. "The only thing that I found strange was the timing," said John McManus of the central board. "After all, there's no trouble with China right now."

Will all of that go in the past? "The important thing," said McDonald's boss Dr D-

A vertical, dark, smoky plume rising from a source, likely a fire or explosion, against a bright background.

## ANSWER

G. Hahn, president of the central board, "We are not to seek old allies, but to look ahead, to see what we have learned." And what have we learned? Apparently, that there is a strong market for our association if we move fast. Canada is trying to deal off CANDUS to Iran, South Korea, Denmark, Argentina, Romania, Japan, Mexico and Italy. A number of these associations have failed to ratify the NPT, including South Korea and Argentina, two with whom deals are almost concluded. They are also too dangerously unstable nations. Argentina is being run by a bunch of military types, it has been a catch of terrorist plots, it is constantly waging World War II. South Korea's President Park, who has appointed himself to run the nation for life without the crutch of inter-ruption of elections, is an increasingly popular, perhaps popular and by constantly revoking the military draft passed by the hated North Koreans just across the border, Park with the bomb as a prospect to unsettle the most placid mind.

When we sell these nations the CANDU we sell along with safeguards and inspection by the IAEA. But what safeguards? The IAEA rules cover the transfer of nuclear equipment (clearly defined) and materials (that clearly defined) accounted for in a reactor (nuclear material), but not the reactor ingredient, nuclear technology. It is possible for South Korea to buy a Canadian reactor and use the technology packaged with it to build a bomb with equipment sold by someone outside the NPT. Now is the central safeguard, a materials accountancy system strong enough to prevent diversion of various materials for bombs building. The inspections depend on the good will of the reactor's owners.

After the American experts had added a contingent contract in Washington, "Invariably, a government's materials accountancy system can put an nation from developing weapons. Neither the IAEA nor any other International Agency, contains a security force capable of action to prevent prohibited investment from diversion."

Despite these worries, the Canadian position has not changed: we are out to sell all the reactors we can. A senior official of Atomic Energy of Canada Limited told me: "The Canadian taxpayer has spent all that money and if he can get it back he deserves it, with the assistance of course that reasonable steps are taken . . . If we don't sell these reactors, you can be damn sure somebody else will, and maybe under even worse conditions."

But what if they aren't safe? What if other nations choose to build bombs with our reactors? The official replied: "What the hell more can any country do than call on an agency such as the IAEA to be such an auditor?"

But if we ourselves have doubts about the IAEA safeguards? "Ah, look, here you get into philosophical arguments."

I suggested this was like a gun salesman knowing the machine gun he sold was likely to be used in a bank robbery, justifying himself by saying that law enforcement was up to the job, he was in the gun-selling game. The reply once more was that this was a moral issue, not a legal one, and that was that.

This curious argument was further developed by the *AECL Review*, Atomic Energy of Canada's monthly publication, which ran a six-part defense of the India deal. The *Review* was reassured that the critics made no reference "to the supply by the United States of the heavy water" for CIR (we had no heavy water in store when the deal went through). The U.S. has said, moreover, to South Korea and Brazil, and intend to have

on the Argentine deal, but nobody complains about them. Why not? The Bureau suspects a dark plot: it suspects that what the mystères are really after is to steer all the business to the Americans and deny Canada its place in atomic sales.

There is a simpler explanation: Canadas don't necessarily hold that because the U.S. does something, that makes it all right. The American way of doing things is not necessarily the best. Virtually all Canadians would like to see an effort to persuade the U.S. to set the world's moral tone, if they want to be more involved in the control of nuclear proliferation. But, *despite* these Canadian should simply hold their noses and follow suit. There is no point to score alone because sort of the border; there is a concerted effort — and it involves American and Canadian governments. The U.S. has the right to be legal in attacking the U.S. for a course of action pursued by our own government without first reprimanding the compliant at home.

For Canadians the crucial fact is that we have left India by the hand into the age of the bomb; now our hand is set to pull half a dozen other nations, all of whom feel no doubt, that they are as worthy to be trusted with the future of mankind as India or Britain or the U.S. How long will it be before someone sets off a bomb in a school, with our staff? Will there be anyone around there to explain that it wasn't our fault, and to pronounce the whole affair "non-regimeable"? ◇

# The principality of Gzowski

*His Country In The Morning* was more than a radio program, it was a herd where grandmothers played *Black Jack*, anarchists sowed the *R&MP* and heathens lived through *Follow-up* by studying the nature of darkness

BY PETER GZOWSKI

When I grew up I wanted to be Paul Herbert. Paul Herbert is a theologian and biographer of Søren Kierkegaard, the Swiss Separatists of Säntisbrüder, and the winner of the first Stephen Leacock Award. That's all I knew about him before I got to meet him through the CBC radio program I worked on for three years, *This Country In The Morning*. One day a bus of us from the program were talking about how much we enjoyed the deliberately bad poetry Professor Herbert had written years before, and wondering what had become of him. We found him in Carlton Mansions where he had remained after a long career teaching chemistry at the University of Manitoba. We called him and I talked to him on the air about Sarah and other things. He told me that he'd started writing his heretical poems as a young student, his father found out that he didn't have the right kind of mind for family poetry, so he cutted Sarah and started quoting her — *despair* — to his colleagues.

Sarah grew on him, and eventually he put together a "Sarah" book about her and his wife. The masses got inside the rounds of a few publishers being rejected by, among other people, a New York editor who wasn't quite sure whether Sarah — this mythical writer of bizarrely lovely poetry of the Canadian Prairies — was quite "mature" (enough to be the subject of a half-length book) until Oxford University Press finally saw the point and brought out his small Canadian masterpiece.

I longed to be with Professor Herbert. In my first conversation with him he said it would take that sort of one, told me he'd written a book and wanted a copy. That book was *Follow-up* to *Follow-up*, and it is a religious work. It is the study of a man in search of God and as it I found that the man I had known as a student, whom his students had known as a charlatan, was the one of the others and most gentle-minded men I have ever read.

On my way to becoming Paul Herbert, I'd like to be W.O. Mitchell. Bill

McMullin is the creator of *Ajoka And The Kid* the author of more recently *The Parading Moon*, and before that the book that I think is the best ever written about the Canadian Prairies, *Who Has Seen The Wind?* But he's been capacious. Well, he used to show them. Now he's still stuffy. He also shows up photons I remember one morning when he came in to visit the program. He'd seen something on CBC television the night before that had annoyed him, and he used a phrase that has stuck permanently in my mind. The program had just been here one of CBC attempts to describe things Cultural. It had been Bill Mitchell, "muted, ingrateful past". There is one RSNP about Bill Mitchell.

There are a lot of other people I want to know because of *This Country In The Morning*. That's the way that I've come to see everything that program means to me as a member of the public who included not only us staff and us listeners but its listeners, too. No can I properly convey such moments in the time I was talking to two nice old rats in Fredericton about the length of the public health fund and I asked them how high a hillside could grow. The man to whom I'd directed the question said well he didn't say anything like it soled me straight in the eye and he held his hand about a foot above the studio table. He knew how high they grew but did the listener? I loved it.

I think now I was asked why *This Country In The Morning* worked my answer would be about as eloquent in the room as would the bright of baldie heads. It worked because a lot of people were there, and each other sort of people who were there, and the permutations were not always the same. I used about 10 people in other units around for CBC, and I left on "The family," and although the work was not born in a family way — it originated, I think, about the time of the Marion murder — it was a hard act to follow. What drew in ingénues was the program. It contrasted to some other places I've worked with a tight sense

Her article is from *Peter Gzowski's Book About This Country In The Morning*, published by Flarey Publishing



talked on to *This Country In The Morning* in fact more like a third location than a literary cafe although in my baseball career I have been playing third base more like a literary critic than a third baseman. About as roughly as I got on the air was to talk about "diggies do" and as that I was reading a letter. There was one revision though when things got out of control.

Three arms were on the show. We'd asked them to come on — this was one of our more profane ideas — and talk about how they'd planned the federal election. One of them used the phrase "the whole fucking thing." That phrase went live to the Maritimes. We thought we might edit it out for the rest of the country. So someone made a note of the phrase, sealed it at what the phone had dictated and someone else, while we were doing our second hour live, got down to what the CBC folks with big bladders overcame, "Master Control" and used to bleed in Breakfast, had another reading her off "one key," "Tuna" in the horrible nasal way you have, for example, giving the time signal. But one of the things you learn in a career in radio is that top switches, forty-second minutes broadcast to the Maritimes may be nearly 40 when it reaches BC. In any case, whether it was infinite tape-spiral or an error in marking the time, the producer in Master Control was just a pheasant too late. So what the rest of the country heard was not what the arms had said but this: "the white fucking Master Control". And I couldn't help wondering about the people who must have said to themselves, "Holy Shit, if they left that in what on earth did they sleep?"

I don't think I'll ever be Paul Herbert or W.O. Mitchell. I started too late. But I do know that the man I spent on *This Country In The Morning* changed me. I don't know if he's still around, but I made a song of "How I Saved My Marriage" or "How I Found God By Crossing To Ontario" but both publicly and privately I am not the same person. Alex Frame tried to host the CBC's new three-hour morning radio show in 1978. I have certainly changed in my attitudes toward my profession, my country, and myself.

There are, and I think some of this material proves it, more literate, wiser, more brilliant Canadians who have never been paid a cent for what they've written than there are copies of books sold by some people I ever considered as a class by themselves.

About my country. I don't know how to express what I learned. And I'm not kidding. I don't know. I can't express it. It spans between October 5, 1971 and June 28, 1974. I learned how little I understood of everything.



# Coaching scared

The uses of intimidation were ready to Fred Shero, after all, it's been driven by fear most of his life

BY TRENT FRAYNE

**F**red Shero has been dealing with fear in many forms all his life and his handling of it has raised him to a remarkable kind of hockey coach. It has reckoned him and the roads he has pursued, the ingeniously Flynn of Philadelphia, from nowhere in the Stanley Cup in three years. It has brought him from an unknown wacky-won at 45 in international recognition awaiting all the way to Russia at 49. It has made him the fifth great thinker in the history of hockey.

Standing behind the bench of the most turbulent and at the same time the most successful team in the game now, Fred Shero is the sort of the emanation of a guy visiting a match pair of soldiers. Demeanor will move both hands to the forearms of a pair of friends silver-haired assistance or it'll head to talk quietly to a Flyer player on the bench. He apprises calmly an opponent. Who'd ever suspect, looking at him, that he's a guy who firmly believes the day is fading?

What he was a kid in school he used to dream he was going to fail. So he would race as hard and always passed with honors. When he played the game (he was in the NHL briefly with the Rangers) he kept drinking the day when he'd be washed out. So he smothered hockey the way anachoretes study the moldering bodies. Ignoring a coaching job right open. Then in 13 years as a manager-coach he was afraid he'd never get a shot at running an NHL club so he made some bold, tried new things, demanded many sacrifices, told the board not out of prudence for the players he's last seven years down the line he finished first five times, second another third time. That record got him his break with the Flyers.

Yet when he finally arrived in 1971 he wanted a team afraid the things that had worked for him were no longer valid for the big league, even with a watered-down big league and even with an inept bunch like the Flyers. He missed the playoffs, had the gits to his good-bys to his overacted ways and brought in the

despised that had won for him in the backstab. In the next two years Fred Shero won the Flyer nine the most talked about bludgeon-bangers in the game, the Mad Squad, the Broad Street Bully all that. And in the high excitement last spring when they won everything, beat the old-line Rangers out-hugged the big bad Bruins, he used those like a guy watching a carriage roll by.

Even now, with the Stanley Cup and a fat one remaining \$100,000 contract for each of the next three years in complete evidence of his worth, there's still that Mr. Dooms-and-Glooms. I talked to him one day at his office in a building school of the University of Ontario in Ontario where he worked with kids for two weeks in August. "There must be something more to life than hockey," he said then, his head face another. "I look around and I see bright men people I went to school with, contributing to society in important ways. A kid and a mate in a clinic surgeon on the way cross and another is a defense attorney. I was senior than they were in school and look what they're doing and what I'm doing. I feel maybe I could have been the same thing and I wonder sometimes what the hell I'm doing of hockey." Typically, struggling to counter his doubts, what he's done is leave the extension come in law at Chicago's LaSalle University to guard against whatever decisions may look ahead.

But fear is also a tact of the hockey game that Shero knows how to turn to advantage and it's played in big part in the success of the Broad Street Flyers. In this, the most popular team in hockey history, combines tough, belligerent and kindled with anger flyers. Shero, down, he's ever assimilated a player in a pack a fight but he knows the Bullets score the hell out of a lot of team goals by showing them. His nine Dove Shero has become a folk hero because of the countless times he's snugged somebody. Shero is aware of Shero's impact and if he's ever spelled it out in specific terms, there's no question

Schroth has caught the message.

"Intimidation is a big part of the game," Shero says. "A lot of guys would be better off if they'd fight but they're afraid. If there's doing room they look just great and they score a lot of goals against the stay man. But as right on the tough games, they freeze. There are guys who rush into corners determined to come out with the pack. On the other hand, there are guys who always make sure they're late arriving in the corner. We don't have any of that around here."

Shero has been given a lot of credit as the thinking man's coach since he turned his paragraphion-champions because, except for prodigies, Dennis Potvin and the like, the Flyer Club has remained unashamedly a bunch of false upstarts. That's a large, anonymous upside Philadelphia. The rest play an aggressive, experienced, apple, attacking position, forgoing as an auxiliary rather than byproduct way, covering their goals enough unclenched, passing the pack accurately, in short, executing the fundamentals of the game with a minimum of error. The point is Shero has entitled all that the discipline to perform those basic tasks and the overlays, the fundamental concepts with often inspired and occasionally historical intonations.

Consider, for instance, two of the most widely accepted and broadly employed facets of the game, the slapshot and the tactic of shooting the puck from the center of the ice and the opposing team's goal. On the Flyer, they're not allowed. When it's allowed, it's a little early, as the Flyer, very likely, is not strong enough to withstand it.

"The slapshot is ridiculous," Shero says. "Once a guy makes up his mind to shoot he can't change it. If somebody gets into better position, it's too late. Winding up takes time, too, so the shot's either blocked or deflected. Also, who can control it?"

He abhors the idea of shooting the puck in. "All you're doing is giving it away," he says. "Why should you give the other team the puck?"

ILLUSTRATION BY KEN RICE



# The simplest way to handle cash is not to handle it at all.



To people who believe that cash on the barrelhead is the only way to spend, a ChargeX<sup>®</sup> card may appear to be exactly what they don't want to have. Yet it shouldn't. Because ChargeX is simply a convenience to help you pay for something.

Your Chargex card can be used as currency at more than 100,000 stores and retail outlets across Canada, or in over 1400,000 locations throughout the world. You can rent a car with Chargex, pay for hotel bills, meals, entertainment and use it at every major airline and oil company chain in Canada. If it gets lost or stolen all you have to do is notify your Chargex

bank and it assumes responsibility in case your card should be used fraudulently. All that you're liable for is a maximum of \$50 and to date no innocent cardholder has ever had to pay this amount.

And if you ever do need cash, your card can obtain it for you because it will be honoured at any Chargex bank branch.

Obtaining a Chargex card is a simple matter, too. All you have to be is a credit-worthy Canadian, you don't even have to bank at a Chargex bank. There are no membership fees or annual dues and by paying for your Chargex purchases within 25 days of

the billing date, there are no interest or carrying charges either (except for cash advances where interest is charged from the date you receive the money).

But besides being convenient to use when you're shopping or travelling, a Chargex card can also help you save money and manage money. Look at it this way, whenever you see a good bargain and don't happen to have enough cash with you, you have to pass it up. With Chargex you can take advantage of that bargain and save yourself money. And instead of having to handle everything in cash, one cheque will pay for all your

expenditures because they're all billed to you on one monthly statement. You save on bank service charges and at the same time you have an excellent record of all your expenses to help you budget in the future.

So your cash goes in the bank, where it belongs and your ChargeX card goes with you, where it belongs. Just a simple way to sensibly manage your money. If you think you can handle that, maybe there's something you should be asking yourself.

Will that be cash or Charge?

Why would a watch authority like Birks give rave notices to ETERNA?

We don't make snap judgments. Our reputation as watch specialists is too important.

So when we make a statement like this, we mean it.

For excellence of design, for accuracy, for all-round, carefree dependability, Eterna gives you the best value of any watches in their price range.

ETERNA-MATIC. For men  
and women. From \$150.

**FOR HIM**  
At Berlitz we can let you choose from a variety of business Swiss German courses for men.

Automobiles with calendar, they all feature the unique Berlitz world line and built-in learning action.

The gold plated model shown is \$175.



• ETERNA-MATIC  
sold throughout the world and in Canada exclusively at  
**BIRKS**  
JEWELLERS

Shero told his team to give Orr the puck

But once he did conclude giving away the puck, in short, it was his own idea and it was an inspired one. Last spring before the Boston final, he and his right-winger Mike Nylander, the assistant coach, were struggling for strategy that would nullify the effectiveness of Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. They spent hours analyzing films of their games with the Bruins and of the Team Canada-Russia series.

"We're a hitting team but we've always made the mistake of wanting Ozzie and Espinoza to be uncatchable. So they'd been hitting in all season, especially Ozzie. The referees think that Ozzie is God, but Ozzie is not God. We had to stop treating him like God. I remember when Howe and Rodent Reichard and Bobby Hall were in this league, they had to earn their way. Everybody went after them, but nobody ever played them."

So Shero instructed his players to give the puck to Orr to dampen it into the corner on his side of the rink forcing him to go back and re-meet it. That notion of course going to check Orr. Shero had Orr forward swing in front of the net forcing Orr behind it compelling him to pick his way toward center in slow moving routes with one or the other of the forwards always getting a little piece of him.

"The idea was to make the work harder than he normally has to work, to tire him if we could." And of course the tactic worked.

Agana Espouse and his towering line mates Wayne Cashman and Ken Bledge, physically the most powerful line in the game. Shero refused to send out a penalty-checking line to try to contain them. "We'd sometimes make three

Shero had another reason for not assigning a designated checker to hawk Espousa. "When you break up your lines or shuffle them to contain one man, you're playing in fest," he says. "You're providing an out for not winning. That ball with that."

A surprising thing about Sheri is nobody knocks her. She's practically unbreakable in hockey, where even Stanley Cup champions are put down as dashingly lady enough to be assigned to princesses. But with Sheri it's all hearts and flowers. He loves it with the pure, purest kind of a passion, although it means calls, and the minutes respond patiently to them. Royal coaches understandably are able to tolerate their enthusiasm, but they give her marks. "He didn't make any mistakes," Ponch intones. "Boldest." Sheri's general manager, says of Sheri's work in the

Gives  
your  
living  
a lift.

so good so many ways

VERMONT'S MOST DELICIOUS COFFEE. INCLUDING

# Pro/Am Artography.



Photo: Asahi Pentax 6x7. © 1980 Asahi Optical Co., Inc. 35mm Pentax 6x7.

Meet the big brother of the famous 35mm Asahi Pentax family. The 6x7.

It offers the same familiar Pentax look and feel. But produces larger negatives.

With 50% more film area than the standard 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" size, it provides the ideal format for 8" x 10" blow-ups, or as large as you like.

Full Aperture Reading lens. Even at small f-stops, 12 lenses are also available. Plus a motorized prism.

If you'd like to take pictures like a pro, stay in the family. See your favorite camera dealer and the Asahi Pentax 6x7 system. The versatile large format SLR with the 35mm feel to it.

ASAHI PENTAX 6x7



## An art in itself.

For information, write: McQueen Sales Company Ltd., in Vancouver, Toronto, or Montreal.  
Vulcan Park, Inc., in the United States, and International Photo Units of Canada, Inc., in Canada.

## Parent won a car and gave it to Shero

play-offs. "That guy in the goal turned the Flyers around last year," says Chicago's Ed Keay of Brian Passer. "And Shero did the rest." Rival players admire him. "He was the difference against us," says Phil Esposito. "He won the Stanley Cup for them."

And his own players have only respect. "I think our coaches are Freddie," says Bobby Clarke, the team captain. "He brought in his kind of players. And we play his system." Parent's prize was mine but it had a downside. The goaltender won a car from a magazine as the outstanding player of the playoffs. He gave it to Shero.

Even the Russians were eager for words from him. He travelled along with 99 other coaches and hockey students in a sports course at Moscow's Lomonosov College that involved a three-week visit to the Soviet Union to study physical education. By the time they arrived, the Russians presented open Soviet to greet them. Lorraine O'Neil was on Gibney's detail, another was on the styles of all NHL clubs, and the third was on short-sticks had learned from the first four games of the 1972 Canada-Russia series. He even held impromptu midnight seminars for the Canadian Med crew around an his hands and knees in the hotel room, shifting Russian beer bottles on the carpet to explain his system.

Shero will share his knowledge with anyone at any time, even with real NHL coaches, although he finds that only two of them are willing to exchange information. Bob Pafford of St. Louis, and Luis Angelini of St. Louis.

"We've accomplished very little in our country," he says. "In fact, we've gone backward." In fact, the only thing we've improved is our skating and that only because kids are bigger and stronger these days. But the shooting is not half as good. The Bentley could teach a rookie half everybody could.



Discover the whisky for the light drinker.

Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Gibney

"All my life I've been fighting the establishment," Shero said, "You have to. If you let them run the team you can't win"

But now everything's that damned sheep. We can't stockhandle as well, we can't join the pack as well, we can't encapsulate it with our fleet as well, and mostly it's because the country out here management my first year but now I'm not afraid to tell them and they're not afraid to tell me. We talk openly on any subject.

Shervi is the only NHL coach who has taken the Russians seriously. The trade he has taken them seriously since 1960. Then, coaching in St. Paul, he watched a team of touring Soviet immigrants crushed by the now universally renowned Anatoli Tarasov and was amazed by the things the kids could do. In 1972 when the Russians landed in Montreal Shervi watched them in every workout. His peers can only imagine the Russian practices most of them even avoided Montreal.

He has reenacted Tassone's narration and Flyer pretends he has three or two drills in which the fans must anticipate these quick passing and receiving them in style. "He's a good coach," says Flyer. "He's a good man, and he can play forward and forward plays defense so each will appreciate the other's problems. His fans waggle on their wings and careers on the roads so each will learn to make and take passes better. Sometimes he'll throw 40 packs for the roo so that everybody can fill the net. "When I played," he says, "people were a drag, the same old sermon goes, the same old roo every day. Sometimes you'd go two or three weeks without a game, even in practice. That's like a movie where they play backday leave messages."

One day in Philadelphia I asked Shae about the reluctance of coaches to send their players to adopt the better and more strenuous of Russian hockey. "A lot of them are afraid of their players," he said. "They don't want management to think they don't know it all." It was a hot day and he was driving into town from a ride in Wilton Park on the western boundary, where he'd been supervising youngsters at a hockey school. He spent his whole summer, apart from the three weeks at

It's good in sports. That's where he let himself out, I guess. He played quarterback for the Lusk. Nevada school football team, the city champions one year. He played baseball, and soccer and basketball, and he could box, too. He and my older brother Buck boxed at the Green Exchange club."

Find went away to play hockey with the old New York Rovers, a Ranger club team in October of 1940 before he turned 16. Lured by the Rovers' offer of \$100 a week, then he joined the Royal Canadian Navy. When he was invited to return to the Rovers, but he was convinced he'd never amount to anything if he stayed there, he returned to the States and began working his way through college at the University of Maine. Jobs and local extension courses when he would play at play hockey. He got two years toward a B.A. that won. Studying history and English he was interested in Don Quixote and Shakespeare and read them voraciously.

The Rangers took him up to the NHL as a defenceman in 1967 but a back injury ended his big-league career 1967-68 and he spent years in the minors and coaching in various teams which he had refused to re-sign for fear he'd lose his place on the roster. He went back to the minors in 1980 but finally he couldn't handle the game and he turned to Frank Selke, then the managing director of the Canadiens, who hired him to run a farm club in Sherbrooke, Que. There he met his blonde Swedish wife Marlene, and they spent the next 15 years in Sherbrooke. St. Paul, Baie-Comeau, and Quebec. There he met his sons, Paul and Regan, who now call themselves John and Ray. "They were born in Sherbrooke," says Sheri. "I signed them." They moved to Bay

Instead, home for the Sherrins is now Cherry Hill across the Delaware River from Philadelphia in New Jersey. Chances are they'd be there forever if Fred could shoo the notion that exists still yet somewhere out West. Flyer chairman Ed Suder presented his record contract he wanted to make it for five years. Sherrin turned down an offer \$200,000 and instead is the fan only

These  
Who?  
"Well," says the most revolutionary  
coach in basketball, sporting a new Fu  
Manchu moustache, "a coach has to be  
under pressure. It makes him work  
harder. Who knows what could happen  
in those circumstances."

Of course. A guy might get the message he's missed it.



**Good timing.**

Do you remember last year, when your choice of Christmas gifts was limited to one?

The last one on the shelf.  
Well, buying a Timex now, is good timing  
in more ways than one.

There are over 300 styles of the best-looking watches to choose from, and lots of time to choose them in.

December 25th rolls around pretty fast so  
now's the time to take the time to look at Timex.  
Good times.

**TIMEX.**

# Diary of a quiet diplomat

The affairs of state and the state of affairs — including the one with the shush-buzzing

BY CHARLES RITCHIE

Until I retired recently, Charles Buxton, who served both as Canada's High Commissioner at the United Kingdom and as Ambassador to West Germany, was one of our most distinguished diplomats abroad. Obviously the quiet, reticent quiet diplomats do less throughout their long careers of his personal response to the political and diplomatic events in their respective assigned posts, to the world and to the world at large.

In western England, Buxton, as Secretary and Secretary to the Canadian High Commissioner, served as press secretary to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau when second in command was Lester B. Pearson. As head of an under- and over-bridge, Buxton is his direct opposite: the former direct side of press Washington, northern Canada and the UN peace conference in San Francisco.

The pictures printed here are from The Sixties Years: A Canadian Diplomat Abroad which is being published this month by the Macmillan Company of Canada.

July 1, 1967 — Washington: The Canadian Embassy is housed in the former home of a millionaire, one of the pillars of the varied and interesting Canadian Mount Royal Avenue. The integration is both official and also the residence of the Minister for Northern Affairs and his wife. Sir Herbert is an impressively preserved specimen of old medieval Anglo-Canadian Montreal. He looks like a particularly composed portrait of himself painted to hang in a boudoir. He is an experienced man — indeed one of my fellow diplomats at the Legation says that he is "every bit as tick up." Nevertheless he has acquired a handsome fortune and his successful career has been crowned with the diplomatic posts of Tokyo and Washington and with a knighthood.

The Buxtons are quite strong on the use of the word "Excellency." Once when they were leaving the Legation with their small son I heard Sir Herbert say to the chauffeur, "The Little Excellency

lency will sit in the front with you."

September 12, 1968: I had my first taste of Hitler's style and in I heard the broadcast of his eagerly awaited speech in Nuremberg dealing with Czech colonization. He is certainly remarkable entertainment value. I listened for nearly an hour to him speaking in German with brief intermissions for

pelicans. At the end of that time my nerves were jumping so that I could hardly sit still. This was not because of the subject with its implied danger of war — it was that most those whiplash words those cold-blooded bows of speech. What a technique! The Germans got their money's worth of right the long drawn outness with the paid



Sir Herbert Merton, our ambassador to the U.S. He was "iron from the neck up."

# This one we keep.

Gold Crown is a Canadian Whisky that's meant for Canadians. Too many of our best whiskies get exported away from us. But not this one. We're keeping it here for you. Try Gold Crown — and you'll want to keep it in your Fort too.



GOLD CROWN  CANADIAN RYE WHISKY

Produced by Canadian Malting Company, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada. 40% alc/vol (80 proof). © 1970 Canadian Malting Company, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada.

## Chamberlain spoke of the disappearance of Czechoslovakia like a Birmingham solicitor winding up an estate

up doses upon clients and the nerves are quivering — shoulders of haze and fear and exhaustion going through the audience. But every good story must have a point and the point of Hitler's story is the outbreak of war. Intuitively every listener longs to get to that point. I heard an American woman say today, "I couldn't sleep a week last night after reading the papers and listening to the broadcasts. I was so worried about this war scare." How much anticipation do you suppose was stoked up with this general?

**December 15, 1938** I am to be posted to London to the High Commission's office, leaving next month. I have loved Washington — the beautiful city itself. I have made friends here, friends made in this temporary atmosphere who may last a lifetime. I left a strong bag of associations to this country and these people yet I know that it is time to go.

**March 15, 1939** — London: Went to the House of Commons. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain spoke of the disappearance of Czechoslovakia like a Birmingham solicitor winding up an estate: "Anthony Eden [formerly and later, Foreign Secretary] was moving — very elegant. I wish I could get rid of the hunting impression that he is still an undergraduate. Looking down from my place in the gallery in the House of Commons on the promised majority of a bunch of young Conservative MPs who were lounging below, I refused on the extensive introduction that style connotes over any imagination. I would not like to be on the opposite side of the fence from boys so elegant, however stately and vulgar the idea made those stark heads."

The moral weakness of the government's foreign policy lies in the fact that they talk the language of war while aiming to the teeth. If Chamberlain believed in Hitler's good faith we would not need our big guns. Chamberlain, if he had pleasure, might have said, "Czechoslovakia is not worth the bones of a British Tommy." This is what he means and man Englishmen agree with him. They do not think of the military, "England is not worth the bones of an American or Canadian soldier." They know that while the armed preparation may seem as sensible as the first it is not true politics.

**May 16, 1939** I read to Miss Parsons (then First Secretary at the Canadian High Commission) today, "Well, we are out of danger of war for the time being." "Do not be too sure," she said. "If the Germans attack the Corridor

Poland will fight and so will France and then we shall be in." One of the few independent voices in our Foreign Office policy has been the government to Poland to fight if the Germans were to move and their datum previous to sending any day soon. These assurances were given only four days ago. They may not keep their word if the British refuse to promise their support.扁扁 the British attitude toward the threat to Poland is the same important question of the moment I cannot believe that this country will go to war for the Polish Corridor. Therefore, I think the French will probably desert them. Polish idea.

**July 18, 1939** To the House of Commons where Chamberlain made his statement of support for Poland over Dauy. This was so rapid a tone, delivered in such a mechanical manner and

recurred to such silence that one felt chilled. The German Ambassador must have felt satisfied — the Poles disappoind.

**September 2, 1939** At seven in the evening Viscount Massay [High Commissioner for Canada] came back from the House of Commons. By then there was a blackout. Thrust or fear of us gathered in his huge office, as walls cracked where the oil paintings had been removed to safety at windows exploded. Mr. Massay stood under the vast chandelier. He was excited — unnatural or too natural? "We shall be at war sometime, though." [British and France declared war on Germany September 3, 1939.]

**September 5, 1939** Is this hunting as aircraft? That first flying sound — is it a wren? Our ears have been sharp-



Neville Chamberlain: an elegance of style contrasting great moral weakness.



**"It's a little bit British.  
It's a little bit of an island in the sun."**

...and a little bit of the world's fourth vent to bermuda.



**"It's also a little bit close  
to where we live."**



**"The people here love children. Traveling  
with them is a great ice-breaker."**



**Bermuda**  
Unspoiled. Unshorn. Uncommon.

See your travel agent or write Bermuda Dept. AB-374  
10 Richmond Street W. Toronto Ontario M5H 2C5

**"The shopping is great. English goods.  
Hands, to me the  
shopping typifies Bermuda."**



Some gifts  
are for  
the moment.



#### Sheaffer endures.

There are occasions when only the extraordinary will do. That is the time to give a Silver Imperial or Imperial Sovereign. Enduring gifts crafted in precious metals by Sheaffer.

\$26.00 to \$90.00

**SHEAFFER.**  
UNIQUE. INNOVATIVE. TIMELESS. COMPANY.

Massey exercised a censorship over anything even mildly critical of the English

and, Was there a time when we did not marry for money? Once in a day or two.

The later Athens had been taken by the Germans. The absurd warlike folly of those warlike monarchs people bring down. This war has a quality that no other had. We do not approach it with our faintest misgivings. We are in solid blood repeating a folly which belongs to the youth of mankind. We are driven to it by the force of their business shapshanks and error which we have been unable in the last 20 years to overcome.

We awoke at three in the morning to steam. I go by my overcoat, my gun case, my shoes and stumble through the French window into the garden where the other inhabitants of this boardinghouse are already in the shelter. They are making jokes and laughing with sleepy or nervous responses from their beds. "What?" says one. "We shall be ready to this in 10 years." Then she goes off to the kitchen and comes back with a tray of tea. I get dressed with the shelter and come up for tea in the court garden.

September 17, 1909. Weekend with the Massey. Mike Pearson was there. He went to a neighbour's. Last night and says there was a crowd of RAF chaps all

having a good time pretending to be right, pretending to kill one another. That is the sort of thing it should be. But he was disgusted by a group of middle-aged men members of the last war back in a farce again, singing the old songs of the last war trying to fancy themselves heroes to the negligible losses, trying to put back the glamour of their own youth. Certainly any war generation should be allowed to die off before another war is started.

March 13, 1940. Mr. Massey wanted me to include in my despatch something to contradict the illusion that England is a class-fool society. Why that? He says that the majority of civil servants did not go to public schools. That may be true of the older ones but it certainly not true of the men in the top.

April 26, 1949. Mr. Massey has said to me that he would not like to think that the National Assembly contained an aversion from the point of affairs in this country during the greatest war in history. I quite agree, but how is one to report anything when he exercises a censorship over everything that could be considered critical of England? He fears that anything unusual might weaken the



In Winston Churchill's view, Ernest Hemingway was a man "beyond judgment."

If you think  
you're already buying  
the best-tasting  
imported gin,  
you're in for  
a big surprise.

# BOODLES British Gin

Distilled and bottled in Great Britain.



# If this is how you'd like to forget winter, Air Canada has something for you.

Living in a luxury hotel. A fun time. Mixing with the elegant set. Sweep the match in straight sets. Shopping duty-free in exclusive boutiques. Drop a few birdies. Showing-off your new swim suit at the pool. Sights see four fathoms down in your scuba gear. Getting nice and berry-brown at the beach. Dressing for dinner. Dance the night away to a mod or Caribbean. Unique after dark entertainment. New adventures to live.

8 Sun Living days in Ocho Rios, Jamaica, on the beach at Shaw Park or Tower Isle resort hotels, with all the extras of the

"Boonoonoonos" program. From US\$500\* per person, double occupancy, based on mid-week departure, including air fare from Toronto, room with bath, breakfast and dinner daily, transfers between airport and hotel. Gestivities and taxes extra.

"Boonoonoonos" means "let's swing", so the program includes a romantic boat ride followed by a sumptuous Jamaican feast and floor show, discounts for nearby golf and shopping, glass-bottom boat ride, "dine-around" privileges and much, much more.

Air Canada has a brand new book about Sun Living Vacations in the beautiful islands in the sun: the Bahamas, Jamaica, Antigua, Barbados and Trinidad & Tobago.

And an excellent schedule of flights to take you there. Or, we can connect you conveniently to just about any island in the Caribbean. Get your free copy of the new Sun Living book when you stop in at a travel agent. ☎ for expert advice about your vacation. No charge for that, either. Or give us a call.

\*Effective Jan 6—Mar 25, 1975 and April 7-16, 1975  
Subject to change without notice.

**AIR CANADA**  
love you to come with us



# Chemineaud. It may change your ideas about brandy.

There are many more ways to enjoy Chemineaud Brandy than you might have imagined. You can certainly enjoy it as a snifter. Because Chemineaud is a superbly smooth blend of the finest brandies, delicately aged from 4 to 8 years.

But, CB is excellent in mixed drinks, too. Its fine flavor blends easily with ginger ale, tonic water,

soda, or whatever you like.

And, CB is sensational when you want to be more adventurous. Try Chemineaud in your coffee, or as something different like a Flaming Flanango. Then try it in your kitchen. Because CB makes so many things come alive with flavor. Like pepper steak flambé, or simple pancakes turned into crepes, or

anything else you'd like to flambé. Chemineaud Brandy. Make something special with it tonight. And, make tonight something special.

Recipes for these and other Chemineaud Ideas are yours for the asking. From Maison Chemineaud Ltd., 1430 Peel Street, Montreal, Canada.



"What are tarts?" my new girl asked

person of our people at home. But we are in no danger to get out and marry our people have the right to know what is going on and to read things which, if they were ever here, they would hear from half the Rightshands they met in clubs. He has an unusual opportunity to complete a secret history of the conduct of this war — to research it with sufficient accuracy to be of great importance to men, but he is too patriotic, even to publish anything that could be construed and critical and what is worse, he is too blinded by foolish thinking ever to form the conclusions, even when he is alone with his confidential diary before him. Some day he will probably be interested in fact for looking forward to doing so, but that will be composed in the prose he loves best — that of a *Times* leading article. It is a pity because he has in conversation the variety of physique to produce a vivid, if superficial account of the London scene. Alan has reverence is too much for him.

May 29, 1949: I could hear the gaily plaudy songs at 8 at night in the club whisky — I suppose at the mouth of the Thames. Nannie Hagg says that last weekend she sat in the garden at her place in Kent and could hear the gunfire from France all afternoon long.

The Canadians have been becoming daredevils since the Empire. Mike Perrow says, "Never heard E home so glad to be a Canadian as at these last days — at least we are responsible for this mess."

September 14, 1950: My new girl is a ballerina dancer. She is an American girl who studied ballet in Paris and is now dancing with a Polish company in London. She seems very dumb. We were walking along Avenue Faneuil the other day and by way of conversation I said, "This is a great street for tarts."

"What are tarts?" I nearly fell flat on my face at this remark and then I explained it was an English term for prostitutes. She cracked her tongue dangerously. Several times she seemed about to say, "She's a tart," but she kept it to herself. She has very pale skin and a hard body like an athletic boy. The extraordinary thing about her are her eyes which are enormous — the eyes of a tragedy queen.

September 16, 1950: It has come in a state where none of us can be sure that we shall meet each other the next day and we began to look for a gap in the party.

I went to the lunch-time ballet. It was wonderful to see Lee Strasberg and the



## HARBOUR SQUARE APARTMENTS ...a great place to live.

A place for people whose lives demand the convenience of being at the centre of downtown Toronto.... Harbour Square Apartments provides a retreat to a home within the city. Distinctive architectural designs, spectacular views of city and lake, and all the services and excitement of Harbour Castle Hotel.

Every comfort is provided, including total year round climate control through electric heating and air conditioning.

For viewing appointment please call (416) 384-5877 or (416) 364-6845.  
Studios from \$239  
One Bedrooms from \$321  
Two Bedrooms from \$555  
Three Bedrooms from \$748

A PROJECT BY  
**campeau** 

## The English hate being rescued by the Americans. They know they must swallow it, but God how it sticks in their throats

imperialist attitude that went to such movement and stop. The permission on portion of the Commonwealth with the most independent members of the Commonwealth. Australia stands as the only one that stood up in these times. They are not mixed up with the current political-moral mess — not matched by Hitler nor by the Archbishop of Canterbury — not endorsed by either, although the fine knows enough of them to hate them. In this world there is no escape — not away from reality — but back to the past.

This is one of those fumbling nights on which I find a complete enjoyment from first I put it down to brandy — a blessed drink which the war has made me discover. I walked home down St James's Street under a brilliant moon to the usual orchestra of jazz. There were unison leaves thick on the trees, leaves on the postbox of St. James's Street. It is like the full of jazz! These minor symptoms of decadence make one sad. No, I am not here. If I had met one I should have been compelled to go home with her.

**January 18, 1940:** The balloon was either out or not. We had local fast in the Mayfair Hotel — rather of bacon and gravy over of American coffee. She did look beautiful this morning.

Symptoms of Sexual Bloating. 1. I look at people, men and women, from the physical point of view not by class nor race but in terms of the sexes. Which comes in out of the stream of life? How easy it is to use them! And why? 2. I am temporarily cured of my mania for saving things in a straight line. I admit and enjoy confusion. The relief is enormous. 3. Time no longer seems to be slipping away from me. I am happy to spend my money. 4. Other people do not care what I do and need not. I cannot help treating them myself, often interrupting them and not listening to what they say. 5. I definitely am very much less smug. The balloon leaves today with the balloon company on time. I am looking forward to early and varied publication during her absence.

**April 1, 1940:** The Queen came to tea with the Maasys the other day. I was led in with the other servants — we sat down in front of a blinding fire in a circle around her. She sat very upright and talked to us in her sweetly charming gentle voice. Yes, the Queen is there all right, I believe them!

To see that familiar perfume stamp face, those gestures of the hands known to millions, that smile that moves strong

men to tears, and when is behind it all? Bradigan's nose was red. She was tired by the time she got so as but the smile on her departure, the assumed courtesy of her going, the first regret that someone there, said it necessary not to go on talking forever to these servants at Castle House. It was a perfect performance.

**April 26, 1940:** How the English hate being rescued by the Americans. They know they must swallow it, but God how it sticks in their throats! The Americans are thoroughly jazzified on their visitations of the English and the English I think are justified in their belief that they are superior to the Americans. They have all the mediumian attitudes and self-suspects that make for a rating nice, but what will these qualities avail them if the fate of history and con-

women has turned against them? How will the volatile, generous, imaginative, spoiled and impudent Americans manage any popularity in the after-war world? With the Americans more than most other people nothing succeeds like success.

**September 2, 1941:** The first time I saw Elizabeth Bowen (British novelist) I thought she looked more like a bridge player than a poet. Yet without having read a word of her writing would anyone have felt that something mysterious, passionate and poetic was behind that virile exterior?

**September 29, 1941:** Take it from one of the best living novelists that people's personalities are not interesting." Elizabeth said in a dry voice. "Except," she added, "when you are in love with them."



Mairi Pearson was now there would be a war almost four months before it started



**Discriminating palates,  
demand the most selective products.  
The master blenders have been  
distilling them for over 75 years.**

***Melchers***

# DUFF GORDON BRANDY

The 10 year old  
Smooth, melba  
brandy, imported  
from Spain

Ole!

AVAILABLE  
IN 40 OZ.  
AND 25 OZ.



Massey's charm springs from his insecurity. He is painfully easy to hurt or ruffle

October 13, 1941: I should like to have seen the Massey sweepings at the present visiting of the Soviet film. When I come here two and a half years ago there was no more divided sentiment of Chamberlain than Mr. Massey. Of course, in those days, "that no judgment"! I could never see Mr. Massey as a socialist, even in Soviet Ambassador Masaryk's "I'll feel uncomfortable with that little man" but the Soviets have followed the English ruling class in the most spectacular unpopularity in all recorded history and never have they felt more securely unloved except perhaps when they do feel their antipathy at the USSR a little — shall we say — sudden.

March 5, 1942: For some time now I seem to be getting more and more greedy about food. It may be partly due to having considerably less to eat, but the way I would my food at the Massey's tonight was rather too much. What a curious and fascinating character Mr. Massey is — that blend of amorous and superficiality. He has enormous susceptibility to the most phony forms of charm. What he loves in life is older America — the pleasant surface style. He is a passing person, because behind his

London Times leading article official views and his carefully polished manner there licks an ardent appreciation of things as they are and of himself as he is. When he has a desire to make — disappointingly — he always decides in favor of the conventional. His charm is remarkable. It springs as easily to foreigners, from his own standards, as it is to passively easy to hurt or ruffle and full of pertinacity for the feelings of others if he happens to like them. If not, he is rather.

May 24, 1942: A perfect May day. Elizabeth and I went to Kew. It is hardly worth my while to describe the scene or dwell upon the amiable rite in which we dined among rows of rhododendrons and azaleas. It was a day like a page from one of her books, the involved relationship between the two people who are wandering among the flower beds.

September 14, 1942: I have a new feeling about my fellow Canadians — a feeling that there is good material among the young — stalwart, strong, practical gentry which somehow never gets a chance to express itself in the public life of the country. I feel that if we can break the crust on top we could



Ernest Massey: "a curious and fascinating blend of amorous and superficiality."

# Newscaster or News reporter?



## Pete McGarvey

A seasoned professional with a sense of history, Pete McGarvey goes to the story, brings you back more than just headlines. Thoroughly authoritative news coverage on Evening Report, weekdays at 5 and 6.

**590/CKEY**



I had lunch with Mackenzie King and I was charmed by the fat little conjurer with the flickering, shifty eyes

make Canada a much better country to live in. What is shifting at the seams — social economic and political?

May 3, 1946. I landed with R. E. Stark in the downcast gold on the left. There were pink napkins on the table with pinkish lights. It was cold, crisp, raw, it from the sun-kissed and wild. We talked as we did when we first got to know each other. It was one of those times which we shall both remember afterwards and say to each other: "That hot, windy Sunday in spring when we landed underground on the Red."

December 31, 1944. After that war the world we can dream in is a breeding space which, if we are lucky, might last a generation. It is a delusion to talk of permanent peace. The only new element in the permanent human situation is the technical one. An weapon become so much more destructive than is the possibility that the human race may continue the more deadly ones and run on as we travel by arrangement with the last survivors. This would naturally be a moderately optimistic but far and fair — that on this war pattern has not been used even by Hitler.

April 21, 1945. On the train en route to San Francisco [for the preliminary meetings of what became the United Nations]. Lunchtime with Mackenzie King and was charmed by the fat little conjurer with his flickering, shifty eyes and applied smile. He has eyes that can look like gray stones or can shine with enthusiasm or fire with contempt. He chomps away incessantly — he seems very pleased with himself, delightedly so, pleased with his own cleverness and his own service. He talked of the "fun" of parliamentary battles which cannot be often, regrettably, so finely indulged in as we all would like to do. He remained that no one except me may be thoroughly tried by now. He replied: "They have had two months' rest" (when I should like to know) and said, "I know during the German Nazi crisis that they were like that but not like this I could not believe."

Talking of Mussolini he said, "A remarkably early shaped head — the head of a Caesar — deep-set eyes full of intelligence. He did a lot of good — cleaned up a lot of corruption, but he had no much power for so long. They worshiped fate, both in Europe — that is the trouble — Europe is too full of pictures of Napoleon and stories of the Caesars."

[On May 8, 1945 — VE Day — peace finally came to Europe.]

June 15, 1945. Last week I saw an ad-

vertisement in one of the San Francisco newspapers which described the atmosphere of "a historic old ranch house transformed into a luxury hotel situated in a beautiful valley or easy reach of San Francisco." What a delightful escape, I thought, from the pressures of the atmosphere. Who, not spread the word about them? I inquired of taking my colleague, Norman Robertson (of External Affairs) and Hans Dixy, the Canadian advisor on Latin American affairs, into the project and our party was joined by a friend of Jean Dixy the French Ambassador, a senior and distinguished diplomat attached to the French delegation.

Last Saturday we all set forth by car

as a holiday spent to avoid the deluge of old-style ranch life in California as



Mackenzie King — a man delightfully pleased with his own cleverness and survival



Canada's best known  
6 year old whisky.



Canada's second best known  
6 year old whisky.



Corby's Special Selected.  
Also 6 years old.

Why is one of these superb 6 year old whiskies a slightly better buy?

Each of these fine Canadian whiskies is aged for six long years for superb mellowness.

But one of them — Corby's Special Selected — costs just a little less.

Corby's Special Selected. A slightly better buy.

NOW A MUCH BETTER BUY  
— JUST CHECK THE PRICE.



Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1859.

# State your case.



With Classen's 100 line case in place—it is organized to put papers, passports, documents, instantly at hand. So efficient a case that it can't be overpriced. These colors with coordinated initials, 27" 27" 8", widths, combination lock. And goes on sale in a place because Classen's 100 line case is down. When you plainly check this case. But that isn't what it says about you!

## Samsonite CLASSIC 100 ATTACHE

Samsonite of Canada Ltd.,  
Stratford, Ontario

The girl looked at us and told the sailor,  
"Those are a bunch of old fairies!"

the friend of long time to take in  
years to mount the noble staircase leading  
to the room above. We engaged  
for our room to find that these  
rooms were available for us to take.

It was decided among us that the French  
Ambassador should have a  
room to himself while Jean Dely and  
Maurice shared one and Norma and I  
the other. In our room we found an un-  
honest maid dropping at some dandy-  
looking pillows in the replaced them in  
position. "This is the fifth time I have  
come up this bed today," she observed.  
"Are you two still sharing this room?"  
With a look beyond surprise she withdrew.  
Norman seemingly not in the  
least disconcerted sank with a sigh into  
the only available chair and addressed  
himself to the evening paper. The other  
members of our party were less polished  
However fear appearing in the  
dusky room rounded them on me.  
"Why had I hired them into this suitcase?"  
We had a hearty laugh at this. "I suggested  
that they should be offered free food and  
drink. We descended to the dining room  
a vast painted interior already  
packed with couples dancing to a blaring  
radio.

After a hasty wash we were  
squeezed into a corner table where we  
were accented by a markedly looking  
woman. "Who are all these girls?" I said  
her. "And why all these colors?" "Well I  
guess you might call it a kind of social  
place for the boys off the stage and  
the girls who work out here in an art  
craft factory." Meanwhile the French  
Ambassador was beginning to show  
signs of controlled irritation as he studied  
the menu that had been handed to him.  
Adjusting his spectacles he read out,  
"Tomato soup, hamburger with green  
chili chop suey. Macaroni with  
pepper sauce." "Well," he announced,  
"I shall have a plain meal." When the waitress came the  
Ambassador just snatched at the  
prong of his fork and leaned back in his  
chair with an air of incredulity. "This is an  
ostrich!" He raised his shoulders with  
a shrug to end all shrug.

At this Jean Dely, perhaps stimulated  
by the wine or picked by enthusiasm  
at having exposed his French colleagues  
to such an experience, seized the  
plate with the oysters upon it and said,  
"I shall complain to the chef myself  
about this ostrich." With this he hurled  
himself into the mob of diners and  
made for a swinging door leading to the  
kitchen. Some frantic moments passed  
at our table then the swinging door  
swung open. Jean still holding the plate  
with the oysters upon it was backing  
away before an enormous Negro who  
was bellowing above the noise. "Off  
out of my kitchen. Who the hell do you  
think you are? Be gone off! Be gone off!  
Be gone off!" He pointed to our table.  
"I shall report him," he said, "but it  
was difficult to know to whom. Then  
afterward we returned to our rooms. As  
I left the dining room I heard a girl say  
to her male companion. "Those are a  
bunch of old fannies sleeping together—  
the maid told me." The sailor spoke, not  
actually as but on the floor.

By mutual agreement for which no  
words were needed our party left the  
train before luncheon the next day and  
arrived in San Francisco.

On the way back in the car the  
French Ambassador raised the possi-  
bility that one of the insulation group  
writers of the San Francisco press might  
learn where we had spent the weekend  
and he asked what effect that would be  
likely to have on the prestige of our re-  
spective delegations and stated on our  
own responsibility. My own colleagues re-  
sponded by saying that in the event of  
publicity the world would be interested  
in my introducing them owing to  
our mutual fully and various procedures.  
This seemed to satisfy him.

July 5, 1948 — Halifax, Nova Scotia.  
Back in my own country among my  
own people — how different from the  
soaring, superficial Celts. The  
surface layer here as everywhere is  
Americanization — the change that  
transcends the whole of that nation —  
the whole Anglo-Saxon world — Britain —  
but here it is a passive kind of  
blubesity without optimism and it is not  
deep. Celts are a queer compound of  
philosophic pessimism, if you can call  
it pessimism, of ancestral tenderness to the  
land, and the affectionate and val-  
uedness toward the person.

September 4, 1948 — Birk in Ontario  
as a tonic. This after we drove  
across Canada from east to west taking  
with soldiers, dropping them off by  
threes and fours at local towns and in  
their handbags at the big cities. The  
train windows are crowded with these  
unholy emaciated faces. They lean out  
in their shirt sleeves, whistling at the  
girls on the station platforms, making  
aristocratic jokes about Mackenzie King.  
The women look at them finally,  
the men respectfully and perhaps un-  
warily. These are our heroes. This is  
the role — savagery for one's home  
and they play it to advantage — good-  
humored, cynical, knowing their way  
around. ☐

# THINK YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL? THEN GUESS WHICH COUNTRY IS WHICH.



1 HINT: During the  
gold rush, boom  
towns sprung up  
almost overnight

2 HINT: Schoolboys sporting blazers and straw hats ride  
by cricket fields and Gothic cathedrals

3 HINT: Her Polynesian ancestors  
settled here after crossing the  
Pacific in canoes

4 HINT: Children and adults  
alike thrill to the sound of  
paper pandering through  
narrow, tree-lined streets

5 HINT: This country is known for its magnificent fjords

# SURPRISE! THEY'RE ALL NEW ZEALAND.

Although not quite as famous, New Zealand's vast Gold Rush was every bit as exciting as California's. Today, gold miners complete with old-time saloons, "prospector" and "dancing girls" create a scene right out of the old West. Nearby visitors can try their hands at panning for gold.

The city of Christchurch was settled by the English over 200 years ago. Lively examples of Gothic architecture include a cathedral, the University of Canterbury and Christ's College. Add the beautiful English gardens and boating on the Avon River, and you can see why Christchurch is called "the most English city outside of England."

Legend traces the genealogy of New Zealand's Maori people to the seven sons of the Great Maori chief, Tane.

Scattered in 2300 A.D. Today, there are over 200,000 Maori citizens of New Zealand. They continue to enjoy Maori customs, towns of model villages, and watching wood carvings take shape.

Like Rome, the city of Dunedin is built on seven hills. But the similarity ends there. Originally settled by the Free Church of Scotland, the entire city has a Scottish accent! During Festival Week, vintage cars, floats, clowns and pipe bands parade down the main street.

4 Milford Sound is just one of the beautiful sights in New Zealand's Fiordland National Park. Much of the park remains unexplored. It is no wonder that mountainous land of unpeeled forest, birds, mammals and waterfalls covers over 3,000,000 acres.



New Zealand. Where you can take a quiet ride along an underground river and through a cavern lit by glowing glowworms. Or ride in a boat up a rugged waterfall river.

5 New Zealand. Where you can base your pack of any type of accommodations including modern hotels, ski lodges, beach resorts and guest houses. Where hotels and restaurants never add on service charges or taxes, tipping isn't a way of life, and the cost of meals, services and entertainment is still reasonable.

You really haven't seen it all until you've seen New Zealand.

So next time you're planning a trip Down Under, put New Zealand on the top of your list. And plan to stay at least two weeks. There's no point missing half the fun, when there's a whole world of it here.

Meanwhile, send in the coupon for more information.

You'll be in for one pleasant surprise after another.

## New Zealand

One pleasant surprise after another

NEW ZEALAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE  
One Madison Plaza, Suite 102, San Francisco, Calif. 94133  
400 Park Avenue, New York City 10020  
208 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles 90014  
For free pictorial brochures, send us more information on New Zealand.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Meet our people. 23 days. \$1931.

Will you like our spectacular scenery or our charming cities or our happy people now? You'll see them all in our *Meet the People Tour*.

For 19 days, you'll tour New Zealand on luxury coaches, with vacationing Australians and New Zealanders who'll show their pride in their homeland. Take a launch through Milford Sound. Explore the rugged world of the Maori. Stay at the foot of Mt. Cook by the shore of a lake and by Auckland Harbour. Glide through Gorge more. Grenada Walk through canals carpeted with flowers.



Spent 5 days in big, leaping Australia. Enjoy the wildlife of the Outback, the ruggedness of Tasmania, the dignified monotony of Canberra, the arts and culture of Melbourne.

Used for 4 days in Tahiti. Shop and sun for more.

Includes round trip DC 18 from Los Angeles, of ground transportation, first-class hotels, most meals. Imported Fare is based on a group of 12 sharing twin rooms. And a G.I.T. economy round trip flight with a minimum of 10 people. Canadian departures.

air NEW ZEALAND  
10-111  
Box 607 North Hollywood, Ca. 91027

Send me information on the People Tour.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip code \_\_\_\_\_

Phone number \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_

# In praise of moderation

*St. Peter of Alcantara would say: Consider at a stretch  
that no world Adolf Hitler*

BY GEORGE JONAS

People who know little find it difficult to appreciate the Canada-U.S. border peace find a difficult. Fraternal people, learned in nothing but cover pages and downing in blissful innocence along the surface of history—politics, geography and human nature, find it difficult to appreciate it. Because my Canada is a dismally perfect country in an abominably imperfect world. Excessively talented people find it difficult to appreciate my Canada. Very ambitious people find it difficult. Highly sensitive people, keenly aware of masses of separate individual human misery, the pernicious of a stigma and the possibilities of excellence in human thought and culture, find it difficult to appreciate it. Because the Canada I know is a blithely flawed country in a world that frequently projects the image of perfection.

There is nothing, contradictory here, nothing morally dubious. In the image of long-term, stable government there is nothing with which to compare. Canada is a balance achieved by shedding an equal amount of the top and bottom extremes of the human condition. St. Francis of Assisi and Adolf Hitler would both leave this country with a smile. The splendor of the Taj Mahal and the squalor of a village in East Bengal are equally unknown here. We have no Sanie Chagel and no Sisken slums.

Of course, Canada may yet catch up with the uniform and uncivilized world. We may yet have a national disaster at Ottawa in repeat the Abbey in Dublin, and riots in Montreal in equal anything we have seen in Belfast. We may yet have a strong and independent publishing industry and decent labor camps in the north for Canadian residents of American descent. And at one time these farfetched ideas will result the mass extinction of native Canadian Indians, except during the war. Our possibilities for getting out of our majestic backwash of history and into the mainstream of the 20th century are indeed unlimited.

Having never been widely endorsed of the massitude of the link (or any other's) country, the prospect does not fill me with joy. I feel that in her quiet and unpredictable way, Canada has done pretty well. Moreover, she will probably not only for herself and her own citizens but for the world, which today more than ever needs a free land of relative safety. Traditional Canada, the Canada of Protestant work ethic of the past belligerent virtues, of Anglo-Saxon superiority, of considerable majority and might, has conducted herself with remarkable restraint, patience and understanding. I only hope that her sons and daughters and eventual successors can conduct themselves with half as much tolerance when they are faced with the historical prospect of fundamental and inevitable change. And I predict that they will be able to do this only if they have managed to incorporate into the bones new and sturdy sense of the rights of minorities.

The art of the compromise, the method of mutual accommodation, compromise and accommodation—either their survival or fighting to the bitter end—has been characteristic of Canadian social and political thought up to and including the present day. As a result, a society has emerged that, without pretension, has solved the philosophical problems of social inequality, poverty or the economically disadvantaged, has advertisement achieved (second only to the United States and, finally, Sweden), the highest general standard of living anywhere in the known world past or present. A society has emerged that without pretending to have solved the superfluous of parliamentary democracy allows for its citizens as high a degree of participation in the business of its government as I have ever seen exist in the world. A society has emerged that, with the blessing of the political, cultural, religious or national groups of which it consists, still provides justice and protection, as well

# The alternative Peugeot

Luxury, impeccable styling, rugged construction and road holding capabilities have rightly earned for the Peugeot 504 Grand Luxe a worldwide reputation for excellence. With its impressive safety and economy factors, the 504GL adds up to a truly remarkable car.

But for the person who drives 15,000 miles or more per year, Peugeot provides an exciting new dimension in automotive travel: the 504GL Diesel.

The Peugeot 504GL Diesel combines all the outstanding qualities of the 504GL with the specific advantages of this diesel engine—exceptional mileage per gallon, exceptionally long engine life and minimal maintenance costs.

Three qualities that cannot be negated in these days of soaring prices:

The new model is up to you—the 504GL or the Alternative Peugeot, the 504GL Diesel! Its time has come.

## PEUGEOT FEATURES

The only significant difference between the 504GL and the 504GL Diesel is in the motor. The 504GL has a 4-cylinder, 2.4-ltr. gasoline engine with overhead valves and two single-barrel Solex carburetors. The 504GL Diesel is powered by the 4-cylinder XD 90 diesel engine. Every 504GL, Peugeot, be it gasoline or diesel, offers you the following distinctive features:

## COMFORT

1. Fully-reclinable bucket seats up front.
2. Contoured rear seat with central retractable armrest.\*
3. Three separate fresh air ventilation systems.
4. Sunroof\*, tinted windows, rear window defroster.
5. 4-wheel independent suspension.\*
6. Non-fading power-assisted disc brakes on all 4 wheels.\*
7. Corner-compensating end-away bars front and rear.
8. Road responsive rack-and-pinion steering.

9. High-speed Michelin radial tires.\*

## DURABILITY

10. Quintuplexine headlamps\*
11. All-steel interior opaque construction.
12. Front and rear high impact-resistant bumpers.
13. Electro-phoretic bonded paint treatment.

14. "Canada" anti-corrosion treatment.

## FUEL ECONOMY

The 504GL 23 to 26 mpg.  
The 504GL Diesel 28 to 43 mpg.  
Peugeot 504GL—gasoline or diesel,  
sedan or station-wagon.

\*as soon only.

**504GL Diesel... its time has come.**



# There is no 35mm SLR camera quite like a Miranda.

Miranda has the most versatile ability to take 35mm single-lens reflex pictures. The Miranda Auto-Sensorex ES. The Miranda Auto-Sensorex is the most advanced Auto-Sensorex ES. It is an already complete. The light you need for the fastest speed you have set regardless of the lens you're using, controlled by the highly sensitive Carl Zeiss three-lens metering system. It is ready to use, ready to go. With the Miranda Auto-Sensorex, you can have instant, accept lensless and accessories. There's nearly as many cameras for your Miranda as there are for your Miranda cameras. Features interchangeable lenses that let you shoot from almost any angle. They never restrict you. And the top of all this, Miranda is guaranteed for three years. See the complete line of cameras at your photo dealer. Miranda. It's much more than you imagined for the price.

And the top of all this, Miranda is guaranteed for three years. See the complete line of cameras at your photo dealer. Miranda. It's much more than you imagined for the price.

No matter how you look at it.



**W** Kingsway Film Equipment Ltd.  
85 Kipling Avenue, Toronto, Ontario  
2151 West 4th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C.  
Kodak Air

## Waxing lyrical over an imperfect country

as freedom of thought, speech and religion as much or more than any other country and any political system in the hemisphere is denied.

Take for example lyrical over the political system and social conditions of a country that has been known to most in India has increased in the fall of 1989, a piece of legislation called the War Measures Act, and has right now a disturbingly high degree of unemployment and consequent poverty in the ranks of a depression and often artificially induced inflation of 400 million people in regions and self-adjusting center television sets. I am seriously singing the praises of a country that has been selling its natural resources along with much of its economic and political independence to — will not just any old foreign country but to America, the home of these highly bourgeoisie people who are addicted to cholesterol, shorts and middle-class virtues and indulge in the pollution of lakes and rivers and the division of corrupt oligarchies as their leaders. I'm being lymphatic about Canada. Canada the land recently did nothing but write and hold dances and parades and eat fast food national favorite film industry in spite of being one of the richest countries of the world.

I think I have good reason. A glance at the map tells me that Canada is situated immediately north of the United States along a border of several thousand miles, a place in this calendar tells me that it is the year 1974. These two pieces of information, rather easily available to anyone seem to provide me with some meaningful conclusions. I think that in 1974 (and not for the first time in history) the world is split into two camps. I am not thinking of the Communist camp, or the capitalist camp, or the camp of the whole world and another world of the whole world, the logical world and the world of the Third Consciousness. I am thinking of the people who believe they have all the answers and the people who don't.

The people who have all the answers come in many more shapes and colors. Their answer may be contradictory but they have one thing in common, they believe truth has been revealed to them and they are ready to burn anyone who doesn't accept it immediately. Fully without cloaks and without limitations. They believe that all the complex problems of the world — poverty, exploitation, ignorance, competitiveness, pollution, war, aging, or unrequited love — can be reduced in a single cause and

# Discovering Black & White Scotch is like:

1. Finding out the penny stock you bought and forgot about, is now worth five bucks a share.

2. The blind date you dreaded, turns out to be a long-stemmed beauty called Rose.

3. Finding a \$20 bill in a pair of pants you haven't worn since last summer.

4. Being told by your mother-in-law she's going on a world cruise — for 3 years.

5. Inheriting a pair of N.H.L. box seat tickets paid up 'til 1992.

6. The gorgeous creature who just moved in across the hall loves Mozart and her favorite drink is Black & White too. Girl's got taste.



**Black & White. The Scotch drinker's Scotch.**

Enjoyed in over 160 countries

**New business.  
We seek it. Build it.  
Lead it. Monitor it.  
Around the world.**

That might help your business.

Our business is to combine talent and technology in a way that helps your business.

We design. Develop. Build. Deliver. Service.  
And monitor the results.

You see, many of our products and processes are basic to Canadian industry. Others are at the



• Heavy-walled fibreglass pipes and tanks for chemicals and mineral fluids.



Regulation and control the individual entities managing and defining systems.



By a similar proof as in the proof of Theorem 1, we have



The 2010 national system of the  
Euro is the 18th largest in the  
world economy.

We make things happen.



CAE Industries Ltd. - Suite 1907, 1 Place Ville Marie, Montreal, Que. H3B 2C3

Klasse 6  
CAE  
Mittelstufe  
CAE Testmaterialien und  
Wort Lernkartei

Industrial Pro  
essesssresss Esseesss  
Wessex Messeess  
Eseesss Esseesss  
Vessesss  
Eseesss Esseesss

For the fun of using it.  
Casual Stoneware  
by Royal Doulton

Fun—with flair and function. That's the new Royal Doulton Stoneware. A stoneware that swings with today's crowd. But is built like it's supposed to last forever. In six fun-loving patterns. Freezer proof! Oven proof! Dishwasher proof!

Royal Doulton Stoneware—it makes the fans of today in focus from



From: Glen (above) and Tangier (shown here)  
6-piece master set—\$15.90  
6-piece set—\$14.90,  
suggested retail price



Gin with a difference  
**TANQUERAY**

subtly suggested  
by its name and  
its bottle.



Smoothly  
confirmed by  
its taste.

Try it.

This country has the  
courage of its doubts

they know what that cause is. That cause is  
independence. That cause is Communism.  
That cause is the whiteman. That cause is all those long-horned bulls.  
That cause is the pigs.

On the other side there are people  
whose thinking has not led them to such  
impressive results. They don't feel they  
have all the answers. They don't know  
the first cause of all the world's problems,  
and they suspect that there are  
probably many causes. They work hard  
at trying to come to grips with them. They can  
take a long time to do it, because they are  
more or less apathetic. They often make mistakes,  
sometimes terribly harmful ones,  
when they may not only just the wrong  
kinds but cut off the wrong leg. But at  
least in such cases they assume responsibility  
instead of blaming the patient for  
having mistakenly shifted the successor  
from one leg to the other or a bystander  
for having given them the evil eye. They  
can face responsibility much more easily  
because they have not claimed infallibility  
in the first place. These people try to live  
in an open society, offering fewer restrictions,  
using fewer drugs for guidance,  
breeding fewer inbred cows and for fewer  
concentration camps. Such people  
attempt to create societies that ensure in  
habitants' capacity for change and self-repair,  
instead of methods, incomplete  
mechanical structures that function only  
in a single direction and for a single purpose  
without taking into account the  
inappropriateness and feasibility of it. They  
try to make society more open and more  
democratic, the hardware as well as the work  
the money and ambitions as well as the  
work and even. They don't quite believe  
they have the right to proclaim the happiness  
of one group as intrinsically more  
valuable than that of the other, and instead  
of suppressing the complexity of  
conscious try to find solutions without  
inherent contradiction and harm.

The mind is the system of human  
consciousness with which we apprehend  
the world and this is the type of community  
Canada has been for some time. It is a  
community that may have the courage of its convictions but, far more importantly,  
also has the courage of its doubts.  
It is a community that is ready to change but does not take kindly to  
being poked. It is a community that accepts compromise but has so far surrendered  
to no one.

Canada has accepted the reality of the  
pressure of a superpower on her interests  
as proximity along the 49th parallel. Instead of  
beating her head against a geographical  
stone wall, she has tried to make the best of it. Nor has she been

# It's the perfect way we put everything together that sets **Panasonic Quatrecolor** apart.

Perhaps our way works so  
perfectly because it's so uncomplicated. Every model in the  
Quatrecolor console TV line  
starts with four basic features:

First, the Ultra Pan-Matrix  
picture tube. It has a black  
matrix screen and is driven by a  
powerful 30,000 volt chassis to  
give you sharp, bright pictures.

Then we add the dependability  
of 100% solid state  
circuitry. We put in a circuit that  
keeps the picture steady if your  
power fluctuates. One that helps  
keep out interference from other  
channels. And another to cut  
down interference from things

like household appliances.

These and most other circuits  
that make up Panasonic  
Quatrecolor are grouped into 5  
modules, our third feature. Each  
module plugs in for easy  
servicing or replacement, if ever

necessary, right in your own  
home. To reduce repair costs.

The fourth feature is Q-Lock.  
A single button that keeps color,  
hue, contrast and brightness just  
the way you like it on every  
channel, automatically.

With features like these it's  
no wonder everything goes  
together perfectly. Add our  
elegant cabinets and you've  
got Panasonic Quatrecolor  
Television that's  
beautiful to look at.  
And look at



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time

You don't need  
a special occasion  
to enjoy  
an occasional  
Heineken  
It tastes tremendous.

Canada has behaved with dignity, wisdom

unquestionably unimpeachable if we consider that her alliance with the United States has helped her won complete independence from Great Britain in the last few decades. It has raised the standard of living of her citizens, and for the present at least, it has given her political and military security so that no alliance could possibly have provided. It is quite true that Canada had to give a great deal in return, but the United States has never claimed to be a charitable institution.

At the same Canada must be doing the world in general and the United States in particular, were considerably different from what they seem to be today. Perhaps the dollar is not nearly as advantageous anymore, and it may be time to pull out of it. Perhaps we have

sold more than we could comfortably afford, and perhaps a market of changing values in American dollar is no longer fair exchange for a nation of natural resources or a cause of cultural identity. If so, as long as we retain our common sense, diversity and flexibility, none of our goals are irreconcilable.

My Canada is a liberal country. Now it may be perfectly natural that, from time to time, the cogent of the world, because impatient with the slow progress of liberalism, and begins to favor more extreme solutions. It may be perfectly natural that a Adolph Hitler of the 1970s, the pamphleteer becomes the head of state of the art. It may be perfectly natural that the people of Canada, marching against the role of white supremacy tacitly, and characters like us, with people who are marching for black supremacy, or even people who are marching against the segregation of the colored races. But the cogent is not invariably right. A liberal is a fool if whether he is from Brazil or Castro. The Naumanberg trials were reported by a great many university students. Innocence and malice are not necessarily synonymous. And the viagrande will be leading the Change of the Light Brigade with mixed emotion for warning at the end of the undefined valley.

My Canadian common, indomitable, immune and benign, has so far behaved with dignity and wisdom. She might have refused asylum to American citizens to the Vietnam war, but the dutiful Blue might have granted asylum to the American citizens who had no permission to go here, but she refused. She might have resisted the kidnapping of James Earl Ray and the murder of Pierre Laporte with the attention that characterizes similar conflicts in Belgium, Ireland or Palestine, but she didn't. She might have

# Chrysler

*Everything you expect in a luxury car.*



## Newport Custom

Graceful styling and engineering greatness talk the world you've chosen well. Now make a wise choice in the knowledge that Newport Custom, like every 1975 Chrysler, runs on leaded and unleaded gasoline. Chrysler: Canada's best selling luxury car for ten straight years.



## Cordoba



*Chrysler elegance in a new sport size.*



A car of trimmer proportions, yet every inch a Chrysler. It's Cordoba, an inspired interpretation of personal luxury in a new dimension of Chrysler elegance.



1975 Chrysler  
Imperial, New Yorker, Newport, Cordoba.



## Panasonic introduces a rugged new adventure in real life radio.



If it did any more you'd need a license.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time

March 29, 1802.

**Legendary Highwayman**  
Tom **Ruskin** was unable to hold-up  
the London to Manchester stage  
because of rain.  
He kept dry with a Gordon's Gin.



**Stay on the dry side  
with Gordon's.**

For 200 years it's been the drink of today.  
With a splash of tonic or a dash of bitters.  
Any mixer, twist or fizz you fancy,  
nobody mixes like Gordon's.

ANTILLISLANDS PRIVATE EQUITY FUND  
MANAGED BY **Thomas Nelson** ANTILLISLANDS

Digitized March 2012 by Google & Anne G. Fox. This material is protected by copyright laws. No portion of this document may be reproduced without written permission from the copyright holders.



## Under the top of the world

*Looking up at the North Pole. The darkness gets ever*

BY JOSEPH B. MACINNIS

Editor this joint, Dr. Joseph B. Murchison, has let a series of five Canadian zoologists and photographers on man's first underwater exploration of the North Pole. This is his exclusive account of that adventure, along with the first pictures ever taken under the polar ice cap. *More of Murchison's* scientific adventures are contained in his book, *Underwater Man*, being published this fall by McCloud and Stewart.

The ice overhead shivers with寒  
breeze. An effete skylight bathes an  
asphalt, with meadow hidden behind its  
beauty. I have suspended in the crystal

above, below are the ocean plumes 13,000 feet into black oblivion.

I hurried down inside my wrinkled diving suit. A trickle of flamy cold water scalds my neck. Ahhhh, in the gloom, a thin emerence white wall — a fortressed combination of glass, bare slabs of ice. At last, after four years of planning, I am under the North Pole — the top of the world — a white ghost place where all dimensions meet and every direction is a wall. A wild unmarked spot where it is midnight for 80 days and the midwinter sun never sets.

The dream of being the first man to

with me since 1970, when I brought my first expedition to the Arctic and spent seven days exploring under the ice at Resolute Bay. We returned to the Arctic twice for more dives, always building on the previous adventure under the Pole, not just what we knew would challenge our courage and our physical endurance to their limits. Then at the last moment it appeared that all our efforts and a year's preparation would end in failure.

For days, bad weather made it impossible for our pilots to take off on the final 400-mile flight to the Pole. When the weather finally cleared all we could see below us was hundreds of miles of ice.

You call us.  
We'll call  
Nairobi,  
or Niagara Falls,  
or Nashville.

Call your local Tilden station and we'll make car rental reservations for you in almost any city in the world.

Tilden has first-class affiliations that can guarantee you a car just about anywhere you want to go.

So when you travel, let us do the work — call your nearest Tilden station to rent a car in the farthest corners of

the earth.

At home in Canada, Tilden will rent you a Chevelle, Malibu or other fine car.

In Canada it's  
**TILDEN**  
Rent-a-car



Ensuring that children with disabilities are included in  
their local E&I program

For Canadian or worldwide reservations – call your local Tropicana station

**MEAGHERS**

# 1878

CANADIAN

Treat yourself to the rich golden smoothness of 1878.

**MEAGHERS**  
RYE WHISKY

Blended smooth.  
Aged smooth.  
Priced smooth.

**MEAGHERS**  
CANADIAN  
SPECIALTY WHISKY

The ice glowed with a cold, lifeless light

travelled for at least two fifteen days, impossible for us to go through as the three days we had remaining for our expedition. But as our hopes dwindled our pilots located a narrow lane of thinner ice right at the Pole and set us down to build our complete

Now we have punched through and I look up in the black figure of Ross Morris, an intrepid explorer, an intrepid photographer and my companion three polar expeditions since through the dive hole. As he moves toward me we see a pinhead-sized hole in the ice, the light of transparent leads and come to rest in the pale underbelly of the sea.

He casts a large spotlight which drives a long furrow through the surface. In thick black power cord snaking out behind him and up to the dive hole as he begins a down-sweep are toward the sea wall.

The wall was formed in the frigid waters melted together in an agony of cracked and broken slate. Prayed by logic and datum winds the ice has been forced downward into a precipice ridge of fractured terrain. All is deathly alone, casting him at the mouth of formation. The wall glows with a luminous light that appears translucent a light shade of blue and stripped of warmth and safety.

I follow the slow crawl of Rock's Black Seal. As the white oil drives closer, thoughts of aggression float in my head. I turn them away with thoughts of the rewards of surviving here and the purpose of our adventure.

Knowledge surely. A better understanding of the forbidding ice world that is an important part of Canada. We are trying to explain and comprehend an alien portion of the planet.

We are also here to better understand ourselves. Men looking for personal honor — each one of us asking the lonely question of self-appraisal — can it? All purely put it well when he wrote:

"I'm glad to be here  
With the chance that comes but once  
To say man is his lifetime  
To travel deep in himself  
To meet himself in a stranger  
At the northern end of the world".

We are here to test ourselves and our equipment. How long can we stay? What life-support do we need? What techniques can we develop? This is the most hostile environment in earth and unknown. Lurking at the North Pole will widen the gate into other parts of unknown Canada.

# A smooth number

The ice glowed with a cold, lifeless light

travelled for at least two fifteen days, impossible for us to go through as the three days we had remaining for our expedition. But as our hopes dwindled our pilots located a narrow lane of thinner ice right at the Pole and set us down to build our complete

Now we have punched through and I look up in the black figure of Ross Morris, an intrepid explorer, an intrepid photographer and my companion three polar expeditions since through the dive hole. As he moves toward me we see a pinhead-sized hole in the ice, the light of transparent leads and come to rest in the pale underbelly of the sea.

He casts a large spotlight which drives a long furrow through the surface. In thick black power cord snaking out behind him and up to the dive hole as he begins a down-sweep are toward the sea wall.

The wall was formed in the frigid waters melted together in an agony of cracked and broken slate. Prayed by logic and datum winds the ice has been forced downward into a precipice ridge of fractured terrain. All is deathly alone, casting him at the mouth of formation. The wall glows with a luminous light that appears translucent a light shade of blue and stripped of warmth and safety.

I follow the slow crawl of Rock's Black Seal. As the white oil drives closer, thoughts of aggression float in my head. I turn them away with thoughts of the rewards of surviving here and the purpose of our adventure.

Knowledge surely. A better understanding of the forbidding ice world that is an important part of Canada. We are trying to explain and comprehend an alien portion of the planet.

We are also here to better understand ourselves. Men looking for personal honor — each one of us asking the lonely question of self-appraisal — can it? All purely put it well when he wrote:

"I'm glad to be here  
With the chance that comes but once  
To say man is his lifetime

To travel deep in himself  
To meet himself in a stranger  
At the northern end of the world".

We are here to test ourselves and our equipment. How long can we stay? What life-support do we need? What techniques can we develop? This is the most hostile environment in earth and unknown. Lurking at the North Pole will widen the gate into other parts of unknown Canada.

# My life in the listening business

BY BETTY KENNEDY

I find hosting an interview show is a lot easier than explaining how you do it.

I don't think you can be in this business without being genuinely curious about people, about their lives, and the million things that make them different from each other.

But a person's difference doesn't always show on the surface and you can't force it out. It takes a lot of listening, not only to the person's words but to the hidden man or woman behind them.

My main effort is always to make the person feel at ease, to let my guests know the moment they walk into the studio that they'll be treated with respect and thoughtfulness. Putting people on the spot or deliberately embarrassing them doesn't interest me. I want them to relax and explore the things that really mean something to them.

When a long-time international star tells you candidly she has no difficulty relating to huge audiences,

it's only in one-to-one relationships she can never make it, you know you have reached that person. She becomes a real person talking, not just a stage



personality. It's that kind of response that suddenly makes an interview take off.

What I am after is exactly that personal, human quality of a guest which can often lend a new perspective to a story.

Many things about a

good interview are the intangibles you simply can't explain. The tangibles are easy enough—the amount of homework done in advance and your own ability to concentrate completely on the guest.

If someone controversial is presenting an unpopular view, the listening audience is entitled to a fair and impartial presentation. I believe it is the audience, not the interviewer, who judges the merits of a guest. Audiences have a lot of common sense and are quite capable of arriving at their own decisions.

Broadcasting takes you into many different worlds, but always it is the people, what they think, what they feel, why they do the things they do, that count most.

*Betty Kennedy*  
*Betty Kennedy*

CPRB • 1010

# WHITE HORSE SCOTCH WHISKY

You can take a  
White Horse  
anywhere

Bottled, Bonded and Bottled in Scotland by White Horse Distillers Ltd., Scotland



## What's new inside me...

See

Pure Barbados Fancy Molasses



White

gluten-free

Barley Malt  
Brewed Malt  
Hops  
Gentle Way of Fire  
Pure Molasses  
Pure Honey  
Orange Peel  
Spiced Orange Peel  
Orange Marmalade  
and

White

gluten-free

Address

Re: #

lip

Special Sales

Phone

## ...makes great news inside you.

Many doctors declare great tasting snacks. They're all in my 100 Pells Barbados Fancy Molasses recipe. Your family will think you've discovered great new secret taste ingredients! And the good nourishment in these is good medicine. See. Blend your recipe book today. And remember: always buy the molasses that says it's Pure Barbados Fancy Molasses. It's your guarantee of quality.

Pure Barbados Fancy is  
the finest kind of Molasses.



Far below us were  
7,000-foot mountains

Something felt wrong. I look down past Rick's hairy form and see the base of falling silver. I reach for my camera, but body-rubber fingers only grip against custard. My viselike A 3500 wide-tire tire is disappearing into nothing. I roll down, but my phlegm is solid. The last few feet fall and fall, and with a bone-crack jolt to the bottom, I gasp for breath and wonder how to explain the loss to the friend who loaned it to me.

Rick now plays the light beam over a series of sharp angular blocks jutting out from the main bulk of the pressure ridge. Steel whitewash items splashed yellow. Several of the uppermost slabs are covered with sparkling ice crystals. The light enhances our strange and we slip slowly down toward the winter twilight under the ridge. Columns of crushed ice run in chaotic lines in all directions. At an unknown point in the gaunt light, the mountain wheel and I descend into the frozen indifference of the sea.

We are almost 20 feet down. The dive hole has faded to a small white square. The knot extends a flat-bladed lip of ice out toward our feet. We drop lower for a look beneath it. As we descend, our thoughts are on hold. Our packed breakfast left every long night of travelling on a together. We touch the darkening water. The delicate shape of two deep pink peaks rise back. They are a long swim down. Farther down our passage will take us.

Somewhere below the blackness is the sun. On it are mountains standing 7,000 feet high. They are part of a range that begins in Labrador and runs for 2,000 miles up the eastern shore of Baffin and Ellesmere islands. At the north are up Canada these mountains plunge into the sea to become the Lennardson Ridge. They end their long arduous journey in Russia in the New Siberian Islands.

We drift alone in an enormous body of water. The Arctic Ocean covers some five million square miles. It is bounded by the frozen coastlines of Norway, Greenland and North America. We're 450 miles from the Canadian shore.

The light averages in a slow wane. It glows now up and over a distance of five and a half blocks. I pursue the unbliss of course, the park in a slow movement. Howling bark words for no the south's growing silence of ice. Missing high upon itself, the screaming pressure of blocks grinding deep into the sea, the final, more stability of countless interlocking fragments.

thin



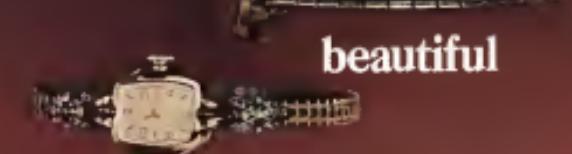
wide



black



beautiful



Whatever the watch, Speidel makes  
the right watchband.

Look for our handsome new display at fine jewellers  
and department stores throughout Canada.

**Speidel**

Number one in watchbands.  
A division of **SEIKO** Canada Ltd.







# The test of a truly fine gin is not how many people try it, but how long they stay with it.



New gins are always turning up. But people learn they don't come finer.

than Burnett's White Satin.

That's why, year after year, Burnett's drinkers stay Burnett's drinkers.

Enjoy something smooth with Burnett's White Satin tonight.

**SIR ROBERT  
BURNETT'S  
White Satin Gin**

grated and bottled under license on the original formula of Sir Robert Burnett, Jr. Co. Limited  
by Canadian Corporation Limited, Montreal, Quebec

YOUR VIEW continued from page 6

## Driving Oscar Wild

Let us get our nomenclature straight. Even Taylor repeats one error so many times in *Grand Hotel* (Doubleday) that it begins to irritate. It must be explained to her (or to the Express Hotel) that "high tea" is a British custom, after work, eating meat. It might consist of cold meat and salad, poached eggs, hamlets, qualche Lorraine (bacon in bacon and egg pie) or any other substantial dish that is not called dinner because dinner is at 1 p.m. It is usually called "tea," white-collar workers might have "lunch" (or "lunchbox") at midday and "dinner" at night, or they might have "dinner" at midday and "tea" at night, they sometimes feel obliged to call the latter "high tea" to distinguish it from the low o'clock omnium-gaum which they might or might not have had in between. The low o'clock tea is the Oscar Wilde-enclosed-maid-servants-and-maids, or the upper-lip-of-Victorian-theatrical affair, mainly for the idle rich. For the less rich it may be a "snapp" ("High tea" is sold, involving all necessary tea and is sometimes called "lunch" or "luncheon" or "the evening meal"). It is all really quite simple, and one finds it indispensable — never, never would Oscar Wilde or Clipping ladies have "high tea."

E. MURRAY ST. CATHERINE, ONT

## The CIA in Canada

Thanks to Bill Macdonald and James R. Doherty. While their article *How the CIA Has Up Staged* (July) contains disturbing news about "intelligence" activity in Canada, it performs an important service in sounding the alarm. As a Canadian residing in the U.S., I hope Canada will learn from recent American experience about the danger of granting surveillance authority to organizations that are not accountable to the government. Sadly this is one of the lessons of Watergate.

And what qualifies the UKUSA Agreement? Through the agreement, Canada contributes to combatting terrorist intelligence (i.e., terrorism) — for the United States? The authors report that "Canadian intelligence, functioning in opposition to official government policy, provided the CIA with invaluable assistance throughout the whole U.S. operation in Vietnam." They point out that "where Canada's policy emphasizes peacekeeping and neutrality, her position is severely compromised." Amen. I sincerely hope other Canadians will re-

**If you aren't sure what to look for in a cross-country ski boot, look out.**



Welcome to the whacky world of cross-country ski boots.

There's the light-weight racers. A few ounces lighter than conventional boots. Terrific for racing, not so important for the kind of skiing you do. Here it's pay for the pounds you don't gain. About \$50 a pair on up.

There's the shining, shimmering plastics. About \$17. Problem is, plastic doesn't breathe. So if you feel sweat, they stay wet. And o-c-o-cold. But who knows, maybe you can warm up to that low price.



**Sorels by Kaufman**

The sensible boot.

Montreal								
Montreal								
Montreal								
Montreal								
Montreal								

Exclusively endorsed by the Canadian National Cross-Country Ski Team



**Instead of sloshing through the slush in your galoshes this Christmas, dig your feet into Florida's soft warm sand.**

Writer for your free Florida VACATION-MASTER Information Package: Florida Department of Commerce, Collins Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32399.

**FLORIDA**  
THE STATE OF EXCELSIOR

YOUR VIEW (continued from page 48)

press their outrage at such duplicity and hypocrisy.

I do not interpret the Macmillan and Diefen as strait as a call for non-cooperation with the U.S. Indeed, I believe the principal danger of an anti-American attitude is the likelihood of its leading to the "my country, right or wrong" mentality which has survived for so long down here. I believe the authentic message is summed up in "The power of the non-democratic wing of government thus continues its steady and unbroken march toward its inevitable end, the distortion of the democratic process." It is an urgent message. Canada ignores it at her peril.

RICHARD J. JEREMYSON, CORNWALL, ONTARIO, U.S.A.

### Oil' man river

Reply to Hugh MacLennan for his eloquent observations about the earth (and the people) of the 1980s (Maclean's, August). He writes: "... they have not been educated to be ashamed of their humanity. They did not believe that man is a fallen creature. What they did believe, or rather what they knew, was something far more revolting. A simple truth of inestimable importance to human society had finally permeated the consciousness of the people: Man is not a fallen creature but a risen animal. In spite of all his failings and errors, in spite of all he has done, he is more cause for pride than for shame."

First of all I wish to share the elation I felt from reading these thoughts being put so eloquently.

Secondly, as much as I am convinced of the profound insight and accuracy of the concept of the risen animal, I wonder how really widespread such consciousness is. I am, therefore, inclined to credit MacLennan (along with Robie Robins among others) with being one of the visionaries of the consciousness he speaks of rather than a mere discoverer of it in others. But more power to him for that!

J. A. WINSLEY, WATERLOO, ONT.

### Latvia by sea

There has been some By Bert August  
controversy over the "new" countries that appeared in the August issue. Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, now Soviet republics of the same name, have been obliterated. These ancient countries deserve recognition.

SEAN DREYMON, POINTE CLAIRE, QUE.

# Hey Canada!

Have lunch with Picasso.  
Get arrested by a Constable.  
See a \$50,000 Carr.  
Put the touch on Henry Moore.  
Tour Ontario with  
Tom Thomson.

One of the world's great art centres is now in Ontario. And it's an exciting place to see.

See the Movie Centre. Henry Moore has been called the greatest sculptor since Michelangelo, and the world's greatest collection of his work is here.

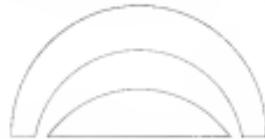
See a great collection of Canadian art. The Gallery's permanent collection contains more than 2500 pieces of exciting Canadian art.

From Krieghoff to Carr to Bush.  
See famous Old Masters—Rembrandt, Timmendorff, Rubens.

Visit Canada's largest art bookshop. Take in a lecture. A movie. Or have lunch in the restaurant.

The new Art Gallery of Ontario is one of the great art centres of the world. Come and see it ... there's always something going on.

Come and see what's going on at the new gallery.



Art Gallery of Ontario

Now one of the world's great art centres.

Dundas St., just west of University Ave.,  
in downtown Toronto.

# A Kantaroff retrospective

Maryan Kerrell, 47, years in a life

BY VALERIE MINER

Maryan Kantaroff in her purple pantsuit stands out against the academic white suits and sterile green boards behind her. She squares her dark shaved eyes, her buckles she clutches while agitate the Aristotle position and her tight arms and stiff spines are her own. Her words are sharp, her eyes burn with the intensity of barely checked anger. It is hard to tell how much is just aggression and how much is just exhaustion. But the fire captured her Simon's College art degree as she talks about art and feminism. Her students are both art and extension. Her students are work as painting, drawing and sculpture, international consumers. 12 solo exhibitions in Milan, Munich, Stuttgart, London, Toronto and Montreal. As Gerald Gladstone, a Canadian sculptor of international status, she says: "Her work is extremely innovative. She ranks with some of the best sculptors in Canada." She also manages a hectic schedule of feminist activity — as a member of the National Action Committee on the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, she speaks every where from the CBC to the Ontario Fed Management Council to the Ontario Fed Union to the feminist College class in Toronto.

Her art is an iconoclast. An iconoclast of art critics of society. But female art even outside of the group that made art has been too help themselves.

"Women have two main roles in art: the patron and the muse. The patron is in the execution of the master, the muse is the traditional muse."

The beautiful, 41-year-old sculptor seduces her audience in a fine light line of passion — the haughty estimation demands the first few looks, the few painfully aware, almost repetitive, middle-finger ones like substance is material — a cause from the major the higher she expresses and generates. "Asked why there are so well-known Canadian women artists, I like asking why there aren't any famous tenors and why there aren't just musicians."

Maryan Kantaroff has been ostracized by some sculptors for using her telephone to peddle her politics. She's criticized by some women for using her feminism to further her career. And she's prided by friends who really know her as an accessible, Unlike many artists, she is unashamedly and successfully a self-promoter. She's proud to say that she hasn't applied for a Canada Council grant for 15 years. She makes her own living from commissions and gallery sales, a rare feat among Canadian artists, most of whom struggle with grant applications and make-shift teaching jobs to stay afloat. And in the course of her working life, she has made some powerful and influential friends — such as Toronto designer Al Colman, who has given her considerable help. "I believe in exploring everything to the fullest. Sure, I use my friendship, but I don't abuse them. I am attracted to powerful people — it's good to know people who have a direction or meaning in their lives. I've always been taught to give and it's relaxing to be with people who are giving and accomplished enough to give back."

Maryan's friends tell a number of stories about her generosity. After a legendary soft-spoken and wise mother, her older sister makes her feel comfortable. I was told about the long time she was at a restaurant with a group of people who were scolding her for her generosity. "Oh no," she insisted. "You're exaggerating." In walked a death from the screen who spotted Maryan out of all the people in the room and snatched over to her to ask for a cigarette. She pulled out a Peter Jackson and lit it for him.

But as much as she lets people use her, she is a manipulator for feminism and a promoter for her own reputation.

She lives with her partner in a pleasant, picture-window brick house in North Toronto. Today is the only time I have ever seen her relaxing. She lies in her and white bedroom recuperating from a twisted ankle and even here she

shuffles through letters from the Royal Ontario Museum, talks on the phone to a stranger who had her name in one of the papers and wants some moral advice. "You see she explains this is why she is laid up. She doesn't know how to say 'no' to people so easily. She's very nice, gentle or shows off a bit of her anger or ego. That's a combination pattern. She does something just slightly manipulative to remind herself to slow down to force herself to relax. She watches all the Wagnerian operas on the radio and tells me that continuity in appearances she actually a Bulgarian peasant."

The marriage of Maryan's parents was arranged by her father's uncle using a sort of marriage broker in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia. Her father, Kiro Kantaroff, came to Canada in 1912. After working as a merchant, a machine manager, a labourer, a lumberjack, he opened a profitable pool hall at the corner of Queen and Bay Streets in Toronto. Her mother, Irina, arrived in 1919 in the height of fashion a point of protestation. Once for the women's suffrage writer. She passed on this article legacy to her daughter as a child. Maryan was born and christened in 1927 when most Canadians were still struggling with the dregs of the Depression. Kiro had enough money to take Irina, Maryan and her older brother Karel back to Bulgaria.

Maryan was four and she remembers the trip as a time of fear, excitement and frustration. She recalls standing in a group of children able to understand them but unable to communicate back in Bulgaria. When the family returned to Canada two years later, it was the same experience in reverse: she could understand English but she could speak only Bulgarian. She thinks this experience distanced her from her past, gradually determining the individuality of her art and her feminist politics. Maryan has always lived on the periphery.

If she was segregated from the Anglo kids around Rosedale Park because of

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON STODDARD





# '75 CUTLASS SUPREME

Beneath all its little limousine touches  
are thrifty new ways to help stretch a gallon of gas.



It's a good feeling to have an Olds around you.



What's made Cutlass Supreme so popular are all the luxuries it brings to an easy-riding, easy-handling mid-size car.

Now, with its opera-windshield roofline, rich interiors and overall elegance—complete with new hood ornament—it's more of a little limousine than ever.

But something's happened; suddenly it's become an economical car, too. You can get it with a thrifty Six. Or order a new "baby" V8. Both smaller than the engines it offered last year.

## MORE GOOD REASONS TO BUY A CUTLASS

Like other Oldsmobiles, Cutlass Supreme has available new technological advances, including a catalytic converter. High-energy ignition. Low-ratio economy axle. Steel-belted radial tires. All for better mileage than last year—and less periodic maintenance, too.

But Cutlass Supreme also offers some touches of its own that even big limousines don't. They're worth a trip to your Olds dealer's to see.

**OLDSMOBILE**  
None of the equipment illustrated  
is available on cut or cut.

"It's very difficult to accept yourself when you don't even know who you are"



she was a real woman, that she was unique. She wanted an easier way to make herself seem more attractive but after three years of marriage she tried for divorce.

That's why the married psychoanalyst, although the hang-up was her husband, she wondered what had driven her so low. The first comment she made to her analyst was, "I'm too passive, too easily put upon, too dependent. But also too aggressive, too dominating, too demanding." She calls it the classic female definition. As she explains it now, "It's very difficult to accept yourself when you're not even sure what you are—your mother's self or your husband's self or your friends' self or your own self." Analyst showed me how to accept past experience.

"Over the years, I have learned not to avoid scars. It was quite strange to the pediatric physician, the first friend I met, to hear my story. But I have learned to respond with my emotions, not to cover myself. Before, I used to project all kinds of tensions and anxieties onto my family, trying not to deal with them directly. But after analysis, I began to create an emotional level. All my work flowed directly."

The powerful vitality of her manner, bravado and the sexual conception of her relief illustrate Marylin's person-

ality. Her work is a unique combination of cold intensity and passionate intensity. As Gerald Glazman commented, "She has a wild, outgoing quality. A perpetual pulse. Aggressive but not hostile. She has developed a huge art vocabulary and speaks eloquently—on an instructional level."

Marylin remained in England for the years after her divorce, that studio became a nursing place for women writers, writers, actors. They would drink tea and talk about creativity and ambitions and roles. Although this "cooperative writing group" was incidental, she says it prepared her for her conversion to feminism when she came back to Canada in 1969.

She renovated the old and the hour long conversations took place. She would bring in her books, reading newspapers, the big leafing back to articles about women writers. Suddenly the boom into a sweat and began panting. Her whole physiology changed in what she calls a solar experience. She explodes every now when she talks about it. "It was such a newborn breakthrough. I had really found the missing link that I had left out of my philosophy. Before, everything I had done, my sculpture, my analysis, was dealing with me, me, me. But what feminism told me was that 99% of what I am isn't me, me,



# Muggeridge rediscovered

When playing posse as a showhost, never forget Abbie With Me

BY KILDARE DOBBS

The winter arrived like one of those British sprees in the golden days of Empire, with red and gau in darkish Canada, loaded (as the saying went) for bear. But it wasn't the big game that started alarm. It was the robins — the intellectual robins, the liberal-minded robins of Canada, mosey quavering with trepidation as they were anxious what has much like hateful robbery you, a demented shelf of alternative incense. Robins can nestled in a pose at the change of discarded old opinions, arpeggios of smart bright chronicles of previous denouncing maturation, birth control, abortion, self-indulgence. Robins. From the capitals of politics, from the Falstaffian, the magnificence, the starry dreams of the post-war-generations 20th-century man. And worse than any of the chaps could allow all be quenched in the part of the liberal mind reserved for most-revered daunt, with the extrapolated resounding hymns, the Sisy-Ann drama the uncomplicated confusions of dark in the real Christ in man's administration by the blood of the dear Redemer.

The above postscript was Malcolm Muggeridge the great British journalist, warlike spy, former editor of *Forrest*, book columnist of *Empire* and champion interviewer and dragon slayer of British television. He was in Canada for a few months of winter 1973-74, first in Toronto then in Salting Island, BC, those holes by Jerry from Vancouver, lastly in Toronto again to complete a television series on the great religious thinkers, which is to be shown by the CBC, beginning November 13. The postscript belongs to him, in that with the among of 70 years Muggeridge looked dismally like Doctor Dolittle, not the San Bernard version but the original, as he cracked his whip over a series of opinions, the pro-and-poll, you kind with learned heads at both ends. If he was for Christ, why was he ready about Christ's biology? If he was disillusioned with liberal democracy, why could he not say something nice about the dear Queen? He was deriding

the British Establishment in an over-

all

By the 1960s good middle-class people were beginning to get said so how a generation was coming on that found his influence charming. *Esquire* magazine — which was running his highly popular book reviews — listed him among the 100 best people in the world. And there at the height of his popularity and universal acceptance as the western world's official conscience, Muggeridge had suddenly delivered a new shock, more radical and disturbing than any he had delivered before. He declared that he had found Christ. He went to India. While he brought up his thoughts against our aging, past and "staid" chaps, he was markedly disturbed the growing army of dedicated poeple, he told the world that Jesus was his Saviour. In 1968 he published his confessions, *Jesus Arraigned*.

Canadian editor, son of the Enlightenment who kept their pencil in Cooper's marmalade jars and spooned adulation when the climate and weather turned voluptuous, were drawn to the man as by a magnetic opposite pole, earning inevitable attraction. Late in 1972, I think the Toronto Star's talent literary rate had been assigned to interview Muggeridge and collect some of those quaint opinions that invariably made headlines.

I had reasons of my own for wanting to meet Muggeridge and his wife, Kandy, and obvious reasons that had to do with my project, and then I thought of exposing the chaps, either of the High and the disengaged, and among the last people in the world who cherish the bonds of knowledge even into the fifth floor over removal. Kandy Muggeridge was the daughter of my father's first cousin, George Cumberland Dobbs of Cumberland, County, Kilkenny, and my father and his had grown up together in that pleasure-leaf village around the sum of this country when the Dobbs, a sporting breed, was numerous enough in those parts to field their own teams in cricket and

polo. Kandy and I shared a great-grandfather, Kildare Dobbs of Castlecomer, and all my life I had been regaled with anecdotes of Cousin Rose. Kandy's astonishing mother who was (as the world tell anyone who happened to be around, regardless of now) the sister of Beatrice Webb, the crusading Fabian.

Cousin Rose figures later only in the

curia, albeit in Muggeridge's narrative,

most memorably in the culminating episode of his second volume, *The Defense of Gove*. Muggeridge describes the funeral at Westminster Abbey as the ashes of Beatrice and her husband, Sidney Webb, at two o'clock were cast into the air in the presence of members of Parliament, lay and ecclesiastic. The two sons, Cousin Rose knew enclosed the mortal remains of the leaders of Fabian Socialism and the British Labor Party, but she wanted more precise information.

"Which is Sidney and which is Beatrice?" she asked.

I met the Muggeridges at the party William Collins Publishers threw for them in the Park Plaza. I found Cousin Kandy one of those women whose beauty is reduced by age and a transposed sweater of complexion. She did not smile after Cousin Rose in any way that I could see.

As for Malcolm, the initial surprise

was to find him so genial, so affable; one had expected a sardonic man, a sharp singer, an acerbic wit. Instead there was this, canorous grandman, kindly slater for all his soft, wavy hair, a little repulsive, a little odd, over

with pale and wrinkled skin and pasty, despite his cobby and portly a little boy, though one sensed that it gave him pleasure to be the focus of human interest of attention. "He loves to hold court," a friend said after meeting him for the first time. I found it endearing.

We made an appointment for an interview in the apartment he had been lent in the Grosvenor Tower. By coincidence I happened to be living in the same building and when I dropped in, I brought a album of old photographs of Castlecomer days for Cousin Kandy to

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

"Western civilization is on its last legs," Muggeridge said. "I see a breakdown. It's happening now, creeping anarchy. . . ."

because in She found several pieces of her father and, in one piece, Captain Horat herself. She brought coffee while Malcolm and I talked; the Sun's Ray In-sell dawdled about with a camera.

Ray, an absent book collector had brought along a couple of rare Muggeridge editions and the author acknowledged them happily. They talked

about George Orwell, who had been Muggeridge's friend. Muggeridge had not been asked to write a biography of Orwell, but on going through the papers of Eric Blair (Orwell's original name) he had found little support for the legend Orwell had created.

"Some policemen didn't care the English right," he said, laughing. (He seems

to have had given the impression that he had been an obtrusive police officer who had to apologize.)

"It's impossible to find out the truth about anything," Muggeridge complained. He had his chin above the oil lamp and held forth. "I used to sit up all night listening to broadcasts about poor federal election, but I heard some of it. I always thought the CBC was the most honest medium in the world on elections but I must say the CBC have got them beaten."

Muggeridge began to talk about the decline and fall of the western world.

"The whole of western civilization is on its last legs. It is a breakdown. It's happening now, creeping anarchy, day by day people are becoming anarchist. Who would have thought that man in a wheelchair would be laffed in the streets of a city in the U.K. . . . in Britain? Even three years ago it would have been incredible: mendicant men walking about?"

Did he think radio and television had nothing to do with it?

"The media enormously distort life. People are given a surface picture which they come to believe. — The legend made visible, the word because repetition is promotes complete confirmation. A phrase like 'population explosion' is bandied about as if it means something."

Why did he take part himself in this world of illusion?

"I tried to appear on TV as little as possible, but you have to get as much maximum for as little atmosphere as possible, make you negotiate with the people who have the money. I feel it would be cheating to refuse to take part at all."

I came away from that firm meeting with the expected headlines for the *Star* and the feeling that there was somethingitious about striking newspaper copy out of a man who despised newsmen for the good reason that he knew them too well. "News, like sexuality," he had written, "is a passing moment, perhaps the ultimate fad." I was not to see him again till he revisited in the fall of 1973, to stay for a while and help edit his TV series for Nether-Penn, the production company founded *2 Day Yesterday*, the series written, hosted and narrated by Muggeridge, chronicling St Augustine, Bluebeard, William Blake, Sten Kornberg, Leo Tolstoy and Danish Bishop Hörstadius. *The Good Star*, volume one of his autobiography, was brilliantly reviewed in



If this seems like only yesterday,  
imagine how soon  
tomorrow will be here.



Blended malt  
Scotch  
from  
the  
Teacher's® Bar.

If you're wondering where the years went, we can't help you. But if you're wondering where they're likely to go from here, we can.

You will live longer, have more leisure time, and more ways to fill it, than any previous generation in history. Your children will have an unprecedented variety of educational and career opportunities to choose from — but the cost of the opportunity will run high. And remote as all this seems

now, time will rush past more quickly than you ever dreamed.

We offer this bittersweet prediction not to scare you, but simply as a reminder that the future is no time to prepare for the future. You have to do it while you're young.

At Metropolitan Life, we've spent over a century helping people do just that. And to help you get started, we've prepared a booklet. It describes the different kinds of life insurance available, so you can decide which is best

for you. And it's yours with our compliments. Write Metropolitan Life, Communications Department, 180 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5A3.

Of course, nobody can say exactly what will happen in your future. But whatever does, it's nice to know you and your future family will be ready for it.

**Metropolitan Life**  
Where the future is now

# We figure changing addresses is enough of a hassle. So leave the tough stuff to us.



At Allied Van Lines we know only too well that "tough stuff" doesn't only refer to heavy furniture and equipment.

It can be the feeling you get when you drive away from the home you've lived in for years.

So, if you can drive away easily knowing that everything possible's been taken care of, we've smoothed out one tough spot a little.

Smoothing out tough spots is what Allied Van Lines can do for you best. We're some of the country's best moving companies, working together to ensure that.



ALLIED VAN LINES

**We got together to make moving better.**

## Muggeridge rejoiced when war broke out

***The Globe and Mail*** under the head, so MUGGERIDGE THE COLDPIECE HAD NOT HOPPED. The novelist John Muggeridge, then 27, a Canadian son of a couple of years who taught English and Canadian studies in a community college at Waterloo, Ontario. He's a wise child who knows his own father well enough to put the Atlantic between himself and that father's frost, and I have always explained John's being elegant as a writer by pointing out that he comes by his talent (black writing isn't) honestly — his mother, after all, is a Dobie. John wrote: "Here one glimpses the amateur Muggeridge, the man I have walked and talked with in his back yard I can remember, where from profound care of the human condition I have been mulling over in fact since a morselously evening in 1945 when, tacked on to the living room sofa of our simple-bosomed flat below Kingley Martin's (then, in more affluent times, we moved in above Martin, as well as living off of the New Southgate, he was a communist) a man and a woman, obviously married, had been sleeping. I heard it pronounced to a room full of smoking professors. What this book shows above all is the consistency of Muggeridge's thinking. He has not in a new safe to report. Tapped his kill or made some audited Read-to-Distance type conversion. He has refused in right mortality as a final end."

I began by telling Muggeridge, in a way one does not often see a writer whose work one admires, even if he happens to be a friend, in a man with a personal concern, with relatives and relationships, with no time for theory of my kind beyond the comfort of being efficient and I thought that if I ever wrote about him again in the review of a new page of a newspaper I would want to use here at that spot.

I read his own account of his life in *The Green Stock*, then in *The Artificial Giver* when that came out, and I thought of James Joyce's idea that the simplest question about any work of art was from how deep a life did it spring. Muggeridge had been a complete life, a new paperwoman whose professedly also moral and magnanimous work displayed by the time of death, that excess of spirit, so that when the books moved first and then to London there was something in him that rejoiced to see the city of glories go up in flames infernal splendor that cast long shadows on personal history. The best of what he wrote was the killing. And in *Launcage* Muggeridge was himself at work on a book about the New Testament.

I looked to see he was spreading a lot of ink over the drift of the media on his own ground: "I am myself," he confessed, chuckling, "as a man playing that

## He played at spying and clandestine love

Portuguese East Africa. Muggeridge played the games of espionage and clandestine love; all the folly of them took many his walk to live. But not for long. God was gone up with a noisy noise and in a flying civilization the atom was playing Marquette a chess, a kind of body fool who as the point of a card might part with any friend who danced but him.

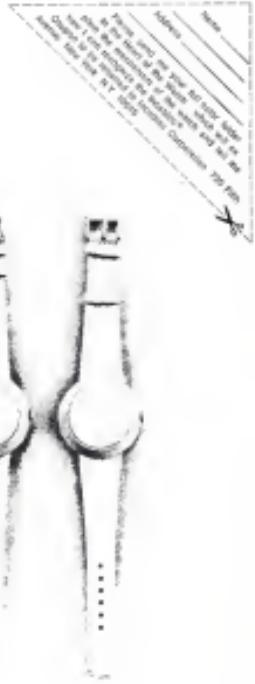
From all his odyssey, Muggeridge returned to Katy, his twin Penelope. I left him when I met them in Torreiro-sao-nu in the fall of 1973. It was a family chance with John Muggeridge and his wife Anne Booch, a refreshingly vital young Catholic writer from Newfoundland whose fierce advocacy of a faith anchored with economics has turned many a guitar-strumming priest white with terror.

When Muggeridge and Anne Kony came to my own home for dinner I asked Robert Fulford and his wife, Geraldine Sherratt, to meet them. What could be more agreeable? Fulford and Muggeridge two superb journalists who admired each other in full cry. It was Fulford who, as a Maclean's editor had got Muggeridge fired from Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* by an order him to write a disreputable article on the Beaverbrook cult of Frederick Banting. Muggeridge had been fired on his whole career, characteristically, he described Fulford as a He and Talford, I recall, were trying to find good things to say about Richard Nixon that night, if only because the rest of the world was saying nothing but noisy things.

After that evening with the Fulfords I didn't see Muggeridge again until his death on Salazar's island, being ever, he stayed over in Tatton a few days on his way back to England. We talked in the downtown office of his film producer.

He was already overflowing with opinions about Canada, had taken part in a demonstration against easier abortion laws, dismissed Canadian missionaries ("a lot of leisures," he told me) and applied his belief in man's need for God to the greatest Charles Trenet. And then, the greatest Charles Trenet, the Perry Como of God's Boland. As noted in the last performance was that Trenet, a former bible thumper, has recently published a sympathetic service of the *Christian Gospels* and Muggeridge was himself at work on a book about the New Testament.

I looked to see he was spreading a lot of ink over the drift of the media on his own ground: "I am myself," he confessed, chuckling, "as a man playing that



**Incabloc  
shows the difference**

Imagine the watches you like are not  
ever weaker. Perhaps they are not.

Your wrist-watches know the difference  
as soon as they hit. That is why the  
genuine Incabloc® shock-absorber is

to be found only in persons' best  
watches.

A lesser watch? A watch for the con-  
siderable cost you can rely on.  
That is the difference!



\* The name Incabloc (registered trademark) belongs only to the shock-absorber designed and manufactured by Partnership La Cressa de Fonds (Switzerland) Fribourg, France. Resonson



Imagine. Cognac with a hint of wild orange.



A Gallery of Beautiful  
ART CALENDARS for 1975  
Order one or more today for home,  
office or gift-giving!

**BEAUTIFUL CANADA CALENDAR**  
The major art centers of our country are presented on a 12-month calendar. A calendar ideal for collectors and friends.

\$1.50

**GROUP OF SEVEN CALENDAR**

12 Canadian masterpieces are shown in full color. \$1.50. Also shown the Group of Seven \$2.00

**1975 TOURNER CALENDAR** All color for 1975 with 13 full color master pieces by artist and Turner Guy, Tim Klick. Gilt mounted. \$4.95

**NATURE 75** 12 colorized available. photographs of the natural world in the living world. \$1.50. Also shown the Nature calendar published by the Canadian Society of Naturalists. \$3.95

**FINE BOOKS DIVISION** Macmillan House Ltd., 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A7

Enclosed full payment plus 10¢ postage for each Calendar enclosed below. Story, no. Q.O.D. order. (Ontario residents add 7% sales tax.) Total enclosed, \$

Beautiful Canada \$1.50  
 Group of Seven \$1.50  
 Turner Guy \$2.00  
 Nature 75 \$3.95  
 Macmillan Calendar \$2.25  
 Quebec Images \$4.75  
 Night Life \$4.75  
 Wildflower Calendar \$4.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
Prov. \_\_\_\_\_  
Code \_\_\_\_\_

"I'm an old lecher  
in his senility"

piano in a whorehouse. And he occasionally includes *Alfred Werle Me in his repertoire.*"

Paul Johnson, former editor of *The New Statesman*, rated in 1973 a "loving theoretical novel" in Maggs' list, adding that he was also a "surprising exponent of the art of friendship." Johnson thought his friend had played many parts, a man who had begun life as an extreme socialist, the son of a Labor MP, who had been a "whisperer, briefly at the shrine of Stein's Russia followed by a much longer spell in one of his principal monasteries" and was now documenting his loss of commitment to the notion of progress.

Maggs himself feels that his life is all of a piece, though all the experiences of the course of his (Pakistani) travel, he has been involved in the most open. He notes in his memoirs that he has often been called a Magician. The Magician, however, taught that the physical world, the body and the flesh, was totally evil. Something of the emotional color of this outlook runs through Maggs' ideas and leavens his judgment which, though normally acute, sometimes flashes out in a way that is entrepreneurial. His fears for nuclear holocaust and animal destruction may be heightened by the knowledge that he himself once stood in them, though this is not a view of his life he cares for in the least. "I'm a kind of old lecher!" he says sardonically. "Naturally in his sexuality."

And then, so often, he laughs.

The last I saw of him was grinning like a film crew like the old British Repertory Company, the last of the small stage firms, a woman in a full skirt I thought. There was something gallant and passionate about him which I would not forget. He had written it near the beginning of his *Autobiography* that *class is for lewd life.*

"Possessives usually annoy me but never insult. A light glimpse, only to disappear. Sounding vaguely caught, as it might be distant arms, or an elusive fragrance, something full of enchantment and the promise of safety. Far away, and yet near at the very furthest rim of time and space, and it the pain of my hand. In my case, whatever attained after in the remote distance, or reached far out of hand – unnoticed. No light seen, none uttering than a match flickering out in a dark cave. No lasting sense experienced, only a door closed, and footstep echoing over more faintly down stone stairs."



Panasonic clears up  
4-channel confusion  
with a system that plays  
anything that's 4-channel  
and everything that's not.

There are two basic types of

4-channel sound: Matrix and discrete. You can buy systems that play CD-4 discrete records but not matrix. And systems that play matrix but not discrete. Confusing, right?

**CD-4**  
SE-5757C  
plays both.

What's more, it plays all your

other systems as well. Monaural records, stereo records, plus stereo and quadraphonic 8-track tapes.

So buying new albums and tapes is easy. You can have any kind you want. Matrix, discrete or stereo. And listen to them on four great sounding air suspension speakers. And just to round things out, we put in

an FM/AM/FM Stereo receiver.

Altogether that makes the SE-5757C from Panasonic, one of the most complete home entertainment centres available. And there's nothing confusing about that.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



The Panasonic SE-5757C. The all-system 4-channel system.

# The flip side of Anne Murray

*Everyone knew it was show, but who would have guessed it would get full play?*

BY LARRY LeBLANC

**O**n a frosty evening in Kansas City, the many fans of Anne Murray filed into a small auditorium not quite filling it. Middle-aged females ruffled their denim shoulders against the white sheets of harbored mere wearing neckties for the occasion and sporting view-cards still prancing out. Fashions only kept office workers on elbow to elbow with members of the Missouri Lodge. Fussy high-school kids watched com despondently in older members of the audience find their mismatched ties their intrinsic uniforms. It was a gathering that might properly be titled Middle America in Concert.

They had come to hear Anne Murray. And as they settled in, the air quickly became in a windowless room. Hanging from the door was a blind-folded sign reading "A private performance for a few". The fact that her name was appended merely took most of the punch out of the anticipated welcome. Anne sat alone, strumming her guitar and softly singing Elton John's "Border". Then she left the room to pull the now-crowd-curtain block curtains behind the stage. She was formally but assuring to those who came up in her, remaining stoic and somewhat stern.

"Before I go on stage," she had told me, "I'm completely prepossessed. I guess a lot. I have my usual antennae up. When I talk to people I don't give them the attention they deserve. The only thing I think about when I'm going to do something like this is 'I'm going to do it here. I just go inside my self'."

She pulled herself out for the show however, and had the blindfolded wings from the butterflies she was able to shield an entire stage take the air. She glided from the stage, looking slightly confident into the first ring. Her band, Richard, fell in behind with guitar and tambourine, keeping the bill set a steady electric dialogue between the Kansas City audience and a sly Anne Murray. She sang for most that an hour, did some soft-singing about the use of her breasts (not large) and even had the crowd laughing at her brittle

one-liner. The audience she displayed on stage was in stark contrast to the nervous girls backstage, but it by no means means that the spotlight had a full moon effect upon her. It's a star's duty to appear poised, whether or not that pose is really there. And with Anne it is not. "I still feel very nervous. No matter how confident I may seem to be I'd still rather be in a living room."

But no one could tell that during the show. Halfway through, a handmaiden in a stylized denim suit slipped out of the audience, waded up and presented Anne with a dozen long-stemmed roses. He was rather good-looking — short-cropped hair, of course, but looks-keeping said — and when he made the motion to present Anne with the gifts, she stopped on the tip-toe to look at the guy. He did something, though, and Anne took a few steps back, then another, then another, reluctantly, shuffling, and her lips finally touched his cheek.

After the accents she swept out the windowless dressing room, eye looking slightly. She started fixing cameras at anyone in sight and a feeling of over-exposure caused the man in the Step Backstage, the band's leader, rolled his eyes or resignation at this show of hostility. "Andy," he called over to dismiss her. Andy Cane, "she wants to see you." Backstage picked his thumb in the direction of the dressing room and Cane followed it. Anne blushed but hardly for the loudness of her blushing. He sensed her need nothing.

"Well," Cane said later to thick with, "I thought it would just end there."

"It was okay. She just needed something to brush about."

Elton and Anne talked about the name. "We always play at it," argued Anne.

"Well," she shot back. "During Andy's 'Song of Miles' (the group's sound technician) had been on stage. I would have punched him in the head."

Actually the show had gone right but the evening was definitely in the wrong key. When we got back to the darkened lobby of the nearby Holiday Inn, Anne walked straight into a bevy of bawlers

who had regard a few autographs and the young girls giggled and clattered into the fold, pressing a little and Anne got angry. One girl, a tall, thin blonde, had still attractive, pushed forward and talked quickly and intently with her. Anne shook her head and stepped back. The girl kept pressing. Anne backed off even further. The elevator door opened and she was able to leap一下子 into it. She caught her reflection in the smoked glass, then looked away.

"She started me to come down to the bar for a drink," she said. "I wasn't sure at first, but then she kept coming. Then I could tell about her — sometimes you can't tell."

Next day at the airport she put the curtain on the whole Kansas City trip. "You know that guy who comes on stage last night with the flowers?" she said to the head. "He was a girl. I went to kiss him full on the lips but just then he started shouting and instead I kissed her on the cheek. Then I noticed he had a mustache like mine."

Everyone took it good-humoredly. "Did you enjoy it?" asked drummer Cane. "Nothing like they could do about it. And then pick their noses, are the other way around, and even though Anne seems decidedly heterosexual the last fifty good looks, the sultry figure, broad shoulders, and bright blouse that naturally make her a darling of the male, it may even be the Chicago Tribune now." "I never thought you'd be the type going whole hog physical things like the women." Peggy Lee had a line following. So did Jimi Hendrix. Not Anne.

It comes with the new maturity. Anne Murray is no longer in the time space she was in the days when she was her big song. Gone is the air of innocence. There's been a subtle, but visible drift away, a departure brought on by five years primped up on pillows against carbon-caged Holiday Inn headboards, watching one crummy television show after another. It's made her grow up in the proved after the Kansas City con

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY LeBLANC



# Great Wines from Italy CHIARLI

## LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

The Chiarli  
original. No other  
wine has the  
extraordinary quality  
of that red semi-sweet  
crushing wine.

## TERIANI

The colour of pine  
straw. Exceptional  
quality, with softon  
the bouquet in a wide  
semi-sweet crushing wine.

General Distributor  
Agency Ltd.



Available across Canada

## Anne avoids the "real dirt"

2007) and that's where things stand now, at 20, to make her own decisions. She's a bit of a phenomenon in that she's now come around twice after close to two years to show business (and she's a star again), proving that *Breakfast* was no fluke.

Anne has made some big changes that past year, some of which have been big fails. Previously, every entertainment publication and magazine has had a column for *Breakfast* at *Breakfast*. Murray's *Image* and *Entertainment* in some cases the blame – have been handily won by her new American managers, Skip Gordon and Alison Shirey, hardly ever with Anne herself, which is where they should have given. *Breakfast* Canada couldn't bring itself to believe that the real push to make it big in the United States came from Anne herself and her Canadian advisors, not from the two New Yorkers.

Of course Gordon and Shirey do come backstage manipulators, that's what they're paid for. But the basic career decisions are made by Anne in close collaboration with her Toronto business partners (Bill Langford, who deserved her *Entertainment* Alum, her producer and Leonard Rumben, her business manager). If Gordon and Shirey help her along, then so much the better.

Anne also relies on her Toronto partners (particularly Rumben) to shield her from what she calls the "only gritty facts" of the business: "you know the real shit. I'm a little bit too innocent about some things. Like I don't want to know that that's actually being paid to people to play a performer's records if that's indeed *true*," she means that in her case it's not. "I don't want to know what promoters have to do to pay for a house so that when a performer comes out on stage the house is three-quarters full. I don't like that being 200 people there. I'm not one of all these things. But I just don't always want to be told 'These are facts' about the entertainment business, mainly from Anne's lips around me... as well as anecdotes for the things we have back up of her."

The whole notion grates simply because we've always seen her as the way she was when she burst onto the scene some five years ago: with a don't-care attitude and a floridly dynamic. She was a total adorably package from the Maritimes and she never got past when Canada was turning on to its own worth. She became our paragon high-school overthinker. This image was promoted by her staff, who were largely inspirational themselves



The next time you're stuck in the snow,  
the makers of Tex-made® sheets can help you.

Sure, Tex-made flannellette sheets and Magi-Wool® blankets will keep you warm in bed. But, even on the slopes, we won't leave you out in the cold. We also make yarns, fabrics and materials for togues, overalls, jackets and pants, mitts and boot linings. Thermal underwear, too.

And, if you're stuck in the snow,  
Dominion Textile can help. Maybe  
with our snowmobile truck.

We're Dominion Textile  
Limited and we make a lot more  
than sheets.

In fact, we're in thousands of  
products from roofing felt to  
shoe laces, serving dozens of  
industries from flannel to fashion.

Dominion Textile Limited is a  
completely Canadian company  
dedicated to the many needs of  
Canadians.

We believe that, in order to  
cover more of your needs, we have  
to cover more than your bed.

Apparel Fabrics/Yarns/Industrial Fabrics/Consumer Products

**dominion textile limited**  
an everyday part of your life



In 1972, "I was almost to the point of quitting," Anne recalls. "All I could think about was that I was a one-hit wonder."

and she soon found it impossible to strike people because her the game was up. She was sick, she was alone. Let's Go and Go spreads. In some ways, the became part of the Canadian nationalism movement. Just as many Canadians are against foreign investment or principles without very clear idea of what situations are being taken over by

whole, many Canadian love Anne. She is a person without her or her ideas and needs now her music.

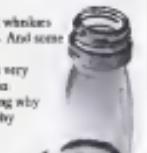
Consequently, by 1972 Anne had little to smile about. The French stage of 1970 had vanished, her career was shriveling away, and she was being dismissed by the press as a one-hit wonder. Her U.S. manager, Nick Sciarra (who

## People who buy Peter Dawson just don't know any better.

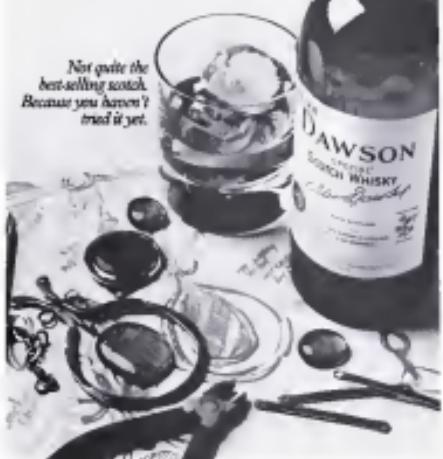
Different blends of grain and malt whiskies produce some very subtle differences in Scotch. And some very subtle differences in Scotch prices.

If your taste runs to a Scotch that's very light and unsmoky-sounding, try Peter Dawson.

Then perhaps you'll stop wondering why our Scotch costs so little and start wondering why the others cost so much. It's a much better question.



Not quite the best-selling Scotch. Because you haven't tried it yet.



she handles) Glen Campbell and her breakaway stage the Wilma Morris Agency were holding her back, checking confides of the country music charts and molding her into the Liza Minnelli-Roberta Flack Las Vegas soubrette style. They told her she was impossible for her to perform on the college circuit where the good concert money at or even in the苓苓, big-city halls. They claimed the just wasn't wanted. Her singles were flagging outside Canada, and her producer, Brian Alpert, and Anne herself were reluctant to change from the Frederator Anne Murray sound, even though it was shimmering dangerously close to obsolescence. Her options soon became either settle in to being a mere Canadian star, perhaps with a comfortable network television future, or else roll back the years from the tenth and start over.

She knew all the points of quoting and yet I won't" the results. "There were just enough people around to encourage me. All I could think about was that I was a one-hit wonder. I figured the man he it because it had happened so many times before. I also knew I had the talent. The challenge was out there because I had had a taste of it and I had deep down it could be done. But I needed help."

First help would have to come from Capitol Records in giving Anne enough time and money to create a proper album. *Don't Sing* — both the album and the single — was the longest-awaited follow-up to *Thank You*.

Still, when the record took off, no concert managers would book and the writers that were doing well at the time she didn't deserve them. (Anne still lives in Toronto and insists she will never move to the United States.) But touring was the missing piece in the Anne Murray Machiavelli. It was almost a performance ever gets to漫漫地 Starbucks. The charm can tell people about expensive sales tell you about powerlessness, but no touring can give the cut-and-dried positive and negative responses people might have bought the album on board most of the single. Touring is the entertainer's instrument, and Anne Murray still had no tribe which she was touring.

So the first Nick Sciarra and the Wilma Morris Agency. And last year the decision was made by Anne and her Toronto business partners to set how Shop Gorham and Alan Stein would run the enterprise. The two had already taken a shiv Phoenix had named Vassilis Fountouris and recruited him onto the



The Empress Hotel of Victoria—with an audience that lets it spot

## How to recognize a great hotel



The truly great hotel has a certain air of distinction, a distinctive character, that makes it unique. The so-called Empress of Victoria is no exception. In setting, its charm, its discreetly efficient service set it apart from all others.

Recent renovations at The Empress have not changed its character. The Conservatory is still an oasis of green. No one would dare to alter the hand-carved ceilings of the Dining Room and the Library Bar. And, as usual, high tea is served each afternoon in the lobby.



## How a great hotel recognizes you

American Express—known for helping travellers around the world.

popular with Victorians and visitors alike.

Of course, the American Express Card is honoured at The Empress and other great hotels, restaurants and stores in Canada and around the world. You can use the American Express Shield, displayed wherever the Card is honoured, as your guide to good service wherever you travel.

If you travel or entertain frequently, you really should carry the American Express Card. Pick up an application wherever the Card is honoured. Or write P.O. Box 2025, Adelaide Street P.O., Toronto, Ontario M5C 2L4.

# Introducing BOLSHOI

The vintage vodka

Bolshoi. The smoothest vodka you can buy. Because part of our exclusive process is allowing it to mellow for 2 full years before it gets to you. And when you consider why you drink vodka in the first place, mellowing couldn't make better sense. Or a better Bloody Mary.



The newest vodka you can buy is the oldest vodka you can buy.

Distributed and quality guaranteed by Seagram's. For recipes, write to 1430 Peel St., Montreal

## Anne popped out of a huge turkey

running long of shock rock Alice Cooper, even though in real life Farrah is a traditional Middle American whose extramarital tastes run to playing golf, drinking Budweiser and watching TV sitcoms.

At Gordon's suggestion, Anne also hired a veteran public relations man, Rex Gordon, who has also worked with Alice, The New Jersey Devil Band, Steve Miller and Murray McLauchlan. Gordon is the man to print media and exposed her to the television people, and she soon turned up in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Rolling Stone*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Esquire* magazines. *Performance*, *National Geographic*, *Yearbook*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and *After Dark*. She made appearances on *The Merv Griffin Show*, the *Midnight Special*, *Engelbert Humperdinck Special*, *The Tonight Show* and on a special with the rock group Chicago.

Anne herself packed out a new \$10,000 condominium and threw a \$35,000 Christmas party (her company paid for \$10,000 of it). Capitol Records packed up the roof before opening at the grand-opening Bolshoi bash in Hollywood. It was a Thanksgiving party (anniversary she celebrated it in the American style) and while guests settled into the 300 gallons of wine and 300 pounds of turkey Anne herself emerged from a great wooden turkey to entertain. Somehow, Gordon managed to gather Anne together after a photograph with ex-husband John Lennon, Alice Cooper (her dad, incidentally) and ex-Missile Mickey Dolenz. The picture was hardly copied, but it still managed to turn up in a respectable number of North American publications and a helped give Anne what she so desperately needed: Back Respectability.

But probably the most important development of what seems known as the era Anne Murray came from is a famous review of *Shenandoah* by the respected American critic Lester Bangs.

Anne Murray, a God's gift to the male race, Bangs wrote, "You may think I'm a middle-aged matronish matron schoolteacher? Purchaser player with oldish records on her hips, frayed gotta mother think coming. And I know what I want: I wanna hold hands I wanna hold and coo over her in her well-formed Canadian eat. Then while I'm reducing her to a quivering mass of erogenous, helplessness I'll check out the rest of her to see if this sonna u worth pursuing further. I know she's gonna be great because all Canadian

# In 1965, with 17 people to wash for, Mrs. Belec figured she better get a Maytag.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, PISCATAWAY, NEW JERSEY



Bertie and Mrs. Belec, Mrs. Laurier, P.Q.

***She figured right. Through 9 hardworking years, the repairman has been practically a stranger.***

"I had eight children of my own plus seven from social welfare, my husband and I made 17 persons in all," states Mrs. Maria Belec, Mrs. Laurier, P.Q.

Mrs. Belec decided it takes a Maytag Washer to stand up to that kind of work load, so she got one. You can imagine the mountains of laundry that machine has washed since 1965.

"At one time I had four babies in diapers and had to do 9 or 10 loads a day," she says. But her Maytag took it all in stride, and it has hardly ever seen the repairman in the nine years she's had it.

Today, only she and her husband are left at home, so life's a lot easier for her aging Maytag. Mrs. Belec says she's glad, because that faithful washer has earned a little leisure.

Naturally, we don't say all Maytags will equal the record Mrs. Belec has enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



**MAYTAG**  
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE



# The footprint of cancer

By Philip Gold is that clear in probing the mystery of cancer, surfer and cancer researcher disagree

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Very 15 minutes a Canadian dies of cancer. There is no remedy, no family is spared. Approximately 25% of all people now living will someday be told, "You have cancer."

The battle against cancer goes on just as relentlessly as the disease itself and recently has occurred in a small, sparsely equipped basement laboratory in Montreal, a dramatic new development which eventually may save the lives of millions. It is not a case of it is not necessarily of no benefit to someone already ravaged by the disease. It might be called the medical equivalent of the DEW Line, the long-secret-way-of system where many different degrees of a cancerous condition fluctuate, similar and more or less firmly than ever they do, most of all the battle against cancer already almost lost to us, people are caned of cancer by present methods of diagnosis and treatment (although diagnostic methods that screen, relatively easy to treat and cure), and chance of a cure in the treatment of cancers of the breast, colon, bowel and related organs, and Hodgkin's disease increase sharply the earlier the condition is discovered.

For many, the discovery of a cure for advanced forms of cancer will come too late. This is why Dr. Philip Gold, a 38-year-old immunologist at the Montreal General Hospital, has concentrated on a more promising line, trying to find the way of blocking cancer with the use of drugs that can stop the earliest possible movement. What Gold has done is produce a simple blood test which takes only 24 hours to process and may signal the presence of cancer in many areas of the body — such as bowel, breast and lung — before any of the traditional signs of the disease appear. His research may also provide clues for diagnosis of cancerous body tissues. Many of his colleagues regard him as a likely winner of the second Nobel Prize in Canadian medical history, following in the footsteps of Frederick Banting, co-discoverer of insulin.

Dr. P. G. Schiefelbein, assistant research director of the National Cancer Institute of Canada, describes Gold's work as "marking the field of immunology in important and practical approach to combating cancer, which is something many immunologists have hoped and dreamed of doing. He has upgraded the whole science."

As Gold explains the history and nature of his research — a story with as many false leads and red herring as an Agatha Christie novel — he begins first of all a disease, a Mucous Polyp or a Lord Peter Wimsey of the medical profession, who presents on the basis of symptoms and circumstantial to track down a killer.

"Many people are terrified of cancer," he says. "They think of it as automatically a death sentence. That isn't true, even now. Early detection is the answer. For me and that's where my work comes in."

Surgery is successful only in the early stages of cancerous growth and eradication and chemotherapy, adequate to "cure" a cancer could kill a patient if the dosage were not very carefully supervised and controlled. Such methods of treating a cancer must be called non-specific treatments because cancer cells and normal cells are not differentiated.

A therapy that affected only the tumor cells selectively would have obvious advantages and a major effect of cancer research has been to demonstrate that cancerous tissues bear some unique properties which distinguish them from the normal cells in which the normal growth is suppressed to maintain growth of the tumor while inhibiting growth in normal tissue. The concept underlying such research holds that tumor cells have some unique property not found in normal cells. Such a property might be either the cause of the malignancy or the result of it.

Using samples from the bowel, Dr. Gold and his colleagues first injected into the ear of the normal cells into rats, rabbits from birth over a period of months. When the rabbit had developed a maximum tolerance in all of the normal constituents, they were given injections of the tumor extract. In being tolerant to normal cells, the rabbit

when blind would mount antibodies directed only against the cancerous cells.

What Dr. Gold discovered was startling and astounding. The rabbit responded with cancer-tumor extract produced an antibody which led to the detection of an antigen in substances stimulating production of antibodies that is found both in the cancer and in substances between two to six months in gestation. In normal patients, the antigen is produced while needed, and then is genetically suppressed.

The development of any kind of gastrointestinal cancer necessitates production of the antigen. Dr. Gold calls it "the antigen of cancer." The antigen is easily detectable in the bloodstream in the majority of patients.

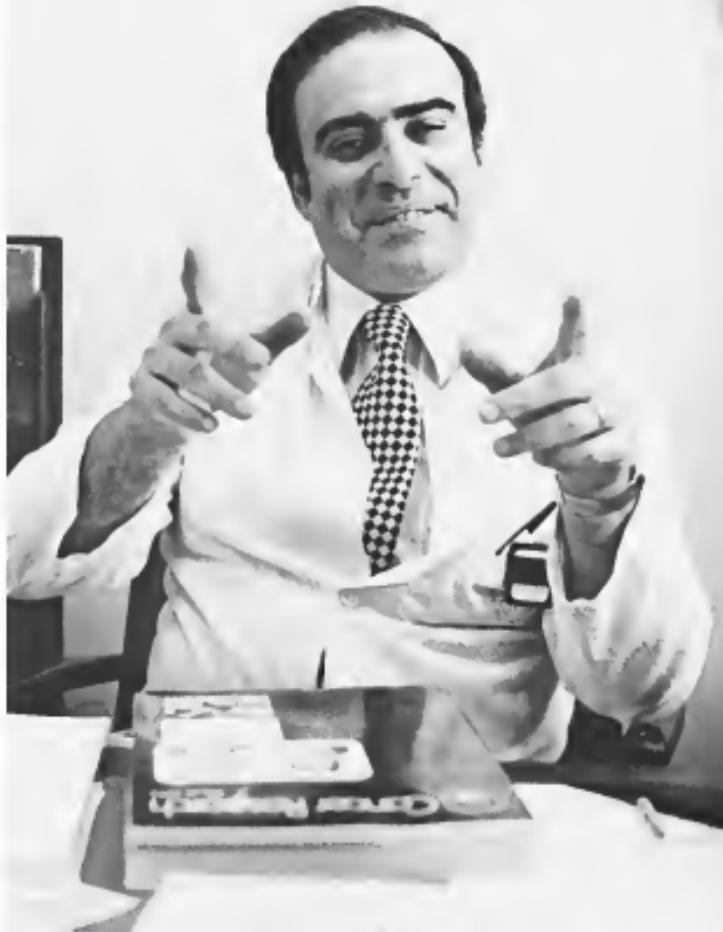
"We don't know what CEA (the cancer-associated antigen) signifies. We don't know whether it is acting the cancerous cells or trying to protect the normal cells. All we know is that as prominent is symptomatic of a cancerous condition — but that knowledge is extremely useful."

"The CEA test," he adds, "is not the only diagnostic tool, or even in all cases the best one, but our findings have now been confirmed in thousands of cases here and in the U.S. In Gold's view, however, only a small part of the antigen has been identified. Every fraction of CEA is unique and protects the normal cells (as may well be the case) that a cancer may possibly be found by examining the genetic information terminating both the production of CEA and cancerous growth. That is just one possibility."

As we sit in his small, cramped office, having bacon and tea on a rainy afternoon, Gold muses that there are bound to be blind alleys before the full meaning of his discovery becomes apparent.

"But the most depressing thought about being a doctor," he says, "is knowing that so much illness is self-induced by the lifestyle of the patient. Nearly 60,000 people in the U.S. and Canada will die of lung cancer this year. Another 60,000

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC BROWN



Corby Grand Duke.  
One of the world's  
three great vodkas.



We challenged two  
world famous vodkas,  
both premium priced, with  
our Grand Duke. The  
judges were panels of taste  
seers, people like you  
who enjoy good vodka.

"They rated and told  
us "Grand Duke" is  
smooth and light as the  
world's best."

Enjoy the best.

Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1899.

Gold's work could  
win a Nobel Prize



or in will die in automobile accidents,  
most of them preventable. And nutritional  
habits increase the susceptibility  
to a wide range of diseases. It almost  
makes one believe that human nature is  
a disease."

Surviving people from themselves is not  
Dr. Gold's calling. He doesn't have the  
time or the energy.

"The most dramatic claim made for  
the medical profession is that it is dedicated  
to humanity. The most cynical  
claim is that it is only dedicated to making  
money. Neither claim, I find, fits me. What I enjoy is the intriguing challenges  
of a hard puzzle, putting my wits against  
a tough problem and trying to unravel  
its mystery."

In pursuing his curiosity as an associate  
professor of medicine at McGill University, and devoting his time between  
research and clinical practice as an assistant  
professor of clinical immunology and allergy at  
Montreal General, Dr. Gold seems  
about so much that his five-year-old son  
once remarked, "My father's a doctor  
but he doesn't have a job." His work long  
hours but not in a state of tension or  
work obsession.

"I work at less of a pitch than I did at  
the beginning. I realize now how long a  
hard cancer research is going to be, and  
so I relax and go home in my leisure."

In 1973, eight years after he obtained  
his PhD from the McGill Faculty of  
medicine, Dr. Gold was presented with the  
Scotiabank Prize from the National Research  
Council, awarded annually since  
1964 to honor "an outstanding contribution  
to the natural sciences." When he  
first published his report on 78991 on  
blood-borne antigen in patients suffering  
from cancer of the bowel there were  
no other papers on the subject available.

# BUY NEW CANADA SAVINGS BONDS

\$\$\$\$\$  
\$ 9 3/4 % \$  
\$ \$ \$ \$ \$  
EVERY YEAR FOR 9 YEARS

New Canada Savings Bonds are a great  
combination of security, income and  
flexibility. They're a secure investment,  
backed by all the resources of Canada.  
They pay 9 3/4% a year, guaranteed to you  
year after year for 9 years.

Canada Savings Bonds can be bought  
for cash or on installments wherever  
you bank or invest, in amounts from \$50  
up to \$50,000. And, as always, they are

cashable anytime at their full face value  
plus earned interest. Buy New Canada  
Savings Bonds today.

And remember, past Series of Canada  
Savings Bonds are now worth more than  
ever. The cash bonus payments have been  
increased to produce, from September  
1, 1974 to maturity, an average annual  
yield of 10 1/4%. Complete details are  
available where you bank or invest.

## THE GREAT COMBINATION

SECURITY INCOME FLEXIBILITY

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

## What a way to travel!

Southern Comfort keeps its rolling along whenever people move because Southern Comfort is right on the road with soda, coffee, ices, orange, lemon, lime, tonic... almost anything... that's sweet. And try Southern Comfort straight or on the rocks.

**Southern Comfort:**  
the grand old drink  
of the South.



## Cloud-Soft Travelers

Cloud Soft  
For Men  
For Women



Get a pair of Cloud-Soft slippers. Just wear us and you'll be well on your way to comfortable and soft slippers. Cloud-Soft slippers are made of the finest leather. They're soft, comfortable, and easy to care for. They're also very durable. They'll last for years. So why not get a pair of Cloud-Soft slippers today?

Order Today! Women's Reservation!

Electronics Reservation - 1-800-555-1234

Phone: 1-800-555-1234

Fax: 1-800-555-1234

Address: 1234 Main Street, Suite 100, New York, NY 10001

City: New York

State: NY

Zip: 10001

Phone: 1-800-555-1234

Fax: 1-800-555-1234



Book: CARS, 10 Blue St. W., Toronto M5W 1A1



### NOTED CANADIAN ARTISTS

Colville Schaefer, Phillip Thomas

Klaphoff and ten others in 1978

color reproductions of training size

Price: \$25.00 with postage

Send \$25.00 Canadian to: B. B. B.

CANADA, VICTORIA, V8P 1B1



Include a P.S. or letter  
address to: Safety Eye Institute  
McGill University, 3650 McTavish Street, Suite 1000  
Montreal, Quebec H3A 1W9, Canada



100

McGILL 2 NOVEMBER 1984

101

</

# Colombo discovers Canadianisms

True north goes down wrong and fast

More over, Bartlett here comes Colombo. When Colombo's Concise Canadianism is published this month it will fill a gap that nobody knew existed. Imagine 6,000 quotations about Canada! We'll never be at a loss for words again.

For four years John Robert Colombo has compiled his collection — the 752-page book published by Hart Publishing. It's a mix of high and low literature (the book ranges from Headlines to the Toronto Star) for the wise and witty (or foolish and laughable) statements about Canadians. The whole gang's here from Margaret Atwood to Larry Stoll. Who knows, it may tone up our whole culture as politicians, writers, broadcasters, and the like sharpen their wits (syndicated in future editions). Here's a sample:

The Americans are our best friends whether we like it or not.

**ROBERT THOMPSON**

Canada has never had a major crisis ever. After books, Canadians would probably have found it dull.

**JIM BROSNAN**

When they said Canada thought would be up at the mountains somewhere.

**MARILYN MONROE**

The Maritimes Olimpian can no more have a dozen than a man can have a baby.

**JEAN DRAPEAU**

Anti-freeze is better than benzene instigated by mutants of stark terror.

**AL BOLSKA**

Some men and all cattle look just alike.

**GEORGE M. GRANT**

Perhaps no political cause can best be described in saying that I am the by-plate in the private Liberal Conservative.

**FLOYD S. CHALMERS**

I want my Beermie Sots.

**GERDA MUNISINGER**

John Kenneth Galbraith and Marshall McLuhan are the two greatest modern Canadians the U.S. has produced.

**ANTHONY BURGESS**

Canadians are the only people in the world psychologically capable of containing Wayne from Hunter.

**DOUG PETHERLING**

If we let the generation we shall be serve the Maple Leaf as a mentor, a red foot with a black mark.

**MAYOR MOORE**

I have to keep coming back to Montreal to renew my nervous afflictions.

**LEONARD COHEN**

Canadian nationalism? How old-fashioned can you get?

**E. P. TAYLOR**

The government is doing something about unemployment. It's creating it.

**DON BURKON**

Montreal is the only place where a good French accent isn't a disadvantage.

**BRENDA BRENAN**

A Canadian has been drafted as soon as one who does not play for keeps.

**WILLIAM KIRKBOURN**

The national bird of Canada is the grouse.

**STUART KEATE**

Very little is known about the War of 1812 because the Americans lost it.

**ERIC NICOL**

A matriarchal is a woman who thinks about sex as much as a man does.

**RICHARD M. NEEDHAM**

She was a Canadian and had all other may small graces.

**ERNEST HEMINGWAY**

The plus-size woman finds plus-size readers.

**ROBERTSON DAVIES**



When I served that final gold, I finally realized what democracy was about.  
**PAUL HENDERSON**

Indeed Toronto looks grey, like the previous prairies, unlike the faded Boston of Barbara Long.

A nation is a body of people who have done great things together in the past and who hope to do great things together in the future.

**FRANK UNDERHILL**

Good heavens! I forgot to speak in French!

**GEORGES F. VANDER**

Am I going too fast for you fellows?

**ROBERT STANTZEL**

We're not looking around. We've got the hell by the tail and were looking him straight in the eye.

**CHIEF DAVE COURCHENE**

If you can't beat them out in the mind, you can beat them in here on the ice.

**CONN SMYTHE**

True — the privilege of being passed by strangers.

**LOUIS DUDEK**

Why, good heavens, man! Pagoda is right there between Blomberg and Tannenbaum.

**CYRUS EATON**

It's the best Canadian poet in that he's potato, and that is not a joke.

**YEVGENY YEVTEUBENKO**

Canadians are after all simply roundies who have the courage of their hopes.

**SCOTT SYMONS**



## The 5-year old whisky at the 3-year old price.

...McGuinness Silk Tassel is the 5-year old whisky that you can buy for the same price as young 3-year old whiskies.

So why not enjoy the smooth benefit of that extra 2 years of mellowing age?

**McGuinness  
Silk Tassel.**

# give \* Maclean's for Christmas

**SPECIAL DISCOUNT  
ON ALL GIFTS  
after the first**

**FIRST SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00**

**ALL OTHERS ONLY \$1.50 EACH**

**FREE GIFT CARDS SUPPLIED  
ORDER NOW—NOTHING TO  
PAY UNTIL NEXT YEAR**

Take care of Christmas shopping problems tonight! Give Maclean's subscriptions to everyone on your gift list, and have your thoughtfulness remembered all year long. For every gift ordered, we will send you an attractive, free announcement card for you to sign and mail.

CHRISTMAS Maclean's \$4.00 University Ave., Toronto M5R 1A2		M C D M
ORDER FORM		
NAME		ADDRESS
ADDRESS	APT.	
I ENCLOSE <input type="checkbox"/> BILL ME <input type="checkbox"/> AFTER JAN. 1 <input type="checkbox"/> PAY CREDIT CARD		
ENTER OR PRINT MY CREDIT CARD NUMBER		
 Please send Maclean's for one year as my gift to		
FRIEND'S NAME ADDRESS CITY/STATE ZIP CODE		
M C D M <input type="checkbox"/> NEW <input type="checkbox"/> REVIEW		

please send Maclean's for one year as my gift to		M C D M
ENTER OR PRINT MY CREDIT CARD NUMBER		
 Please send Maclean's for one year as my gift to		
FRIEND'S NAME ADDRESS CITY/STATE ZIP CODE		
M C D M <input type="checkbox"/> NEW <input type="checkbox"/> REVIEW		

**ADD \$2.95 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION GOING OUTSIDE CANADA • PLEASE RETURN ENTIRE ORDER FORM**

# The right way to repatriate the economy

*What's really needed is a new industrial strategy to pump up Canadian ownership.*

BY GEORGE SINCLAIR

The foreign domination of Canada's manufacturing and resource industries has long been a matter of deep concern to thinking Canadians. Parliament, in its last session, enacted a Foreign Investment Review Act and created the Canadian Business Corporation bill to begin this problem under control. This has been followed by representing significant progress toward solving an urgent problem of Canadian industry. Unfortunately we are being misled; our economic and industrial policy makers are tackling the wrong problem.

Foreign ownership is not our basic problem. Our manufacturing industries are only 40% owned by Canadians, and our resource industries only 30%. Obviously we have a Canadian ownership problem which is the most important problem in the economy today. Only a Canadian ownership policy will ensure the winning Canadian enterprises.

The answer is that the new legislation is to increase the Canadian control of industry, not the Canadian ownership. It is assumed that effective control over the foreign subsidiaries can be attained through legislation. This is a mistake; it is not that easy to gain control. Requiring companies to have a majority of Canadian directors will not accomplish it, along with the nomination of directors by the parent organization, there are possibilities that a subsidiary can be considered under Canadian control in any real sense. The parent company clearly can control the financial resources available; it can control the flow of product information; it can control the export market completely. And there is little that a group of Cana-



dan directors can do to modify parent company policy.

There is no way to convert a foreign subsidiary and a Canadian-controlled company by legalistic sheer of management. It is not that easy to gain control over a Canadian-owned company. For Canadians to gain control over a domestic and industrial economy, a Canadian ownership policy is mandatory. What is required is a national industrial policy with an industrial strategy for implementing it. The policy would define the sort of industrial structure we need in the future to provide a firm base on which to build our economic and cultural growth. Defense goals need to be set, with the specific data available for their attainment. The primary aim would be to achieve a substantial increase in the industries that are Canadian owned and just controlled. It is only with such a policy that it becomes feasible to propose new foreign investment on the basis of economic benefits to Canada. Such investments should be measured in relation to their

tiny amount basis.

That Canada does not have a proper national industrial policy designed to ensure the Canadian ownership of our industries is a major reason in a lack of industrial leadership. Our industrial side of the functioning of modern industry is based on our past knowledge. We have disastrous ideas. And the blame for this situation rests mostly not with the universities. They present an overwhelming academic industry that is quite hostile, making it very difficult to achieve a balanced understanding of the problems faced by our domestic industries.

It is curious that while there have been volumes of material written on our foreign ownership problem very little has appeared on the more important issue of Canadian ownership. There is a lack of factual data on which to base a

George Sinclair is chairman of *Electro Radio Laboratories*, Concord, Ontario, and is a past vice-president of electrical engineering at the University of Toronto.

## Our dependence on imported technology is based on the myth that if it's Canadian it can't be any good

national industrial policy. The crucial problem of ensuring the importance to our economy of a domestic company versus a foreign-owned one has been surprisingly neglected. Also little understood is the regional disparity of industrial power. As pointed out at the Calgary conference, westerners believe that industrial growth in the West has long been restricted because their industries are limited in industrial colonies by the industries of eastern Canada. Actually the truth is that the industries of both eastern and western Canada are major industrial colonies of foreign industries.

The colonial nature of our industries is an important aspect. A basic concept is that we have to depend to a large extent on imported technology (which is also claimed to be a major barrier). The concept is fallacious, based on the false argument that Canadian industry has always depended on imported technology and therefore will continue to. This is just an updated version of the old myth that "if it's Canadian it can't be any good." The idea that imported technology is a major barrier is not supported by facts. It is just a theory. The truth is that Canada should import most of its technology, as is now done in Canada, is unfortunately lack of the purchasing policies of most government agencies at the three levels of government: municipal, provincial and federal. When the major responsible for industry sees a new industrial growth he usually thinks in terms of creating a foreign subsidiary instead of creating it by supporting local companies.

Factors of "buying local," Canadian industry from foreign owners are frequently addressed. Surely the time to buy Canada's manufacturing industries is when the price is the lowest, that is when they are starting and not when they have become mature and foreign owned. The resource industries because of political and international interests, may require different incentives but they should still be required.

For many people, the mere mention of establishing a national industrial policy means the spectre of a few bureau-

cratic planning judgments on which segments of industry are to be favored and which are to be denied incentives. Actually what is involved is a basic policy of *responsible ownership* regardless of which industry it is. The maximum assistance should be given to those domestic companies demonstrating by their industrial accomplishments that they are well-managed and progressive enterprises. Policies of supporting excellence of performance are not new in government circles; such policies have long been used in financing research grants to

industry. Policy in the previous but prospective foreign leases of a Canadian-owned company will have to seek government approval before making the purchase. Again the basis for approval will be "significant benefit" for Canada. The idea that there is already benefit and little use is wrong. When all faults are considered, it is true that a foreign oil company can equal a domestic company in its potential contribution to the Canadian economy under a proper national industrial policy.

Surely a better solution to the takeover problem is available. We should create an economic and industrial environment in which it becomes easier and more profitable for Canadian companies to remain in Canadian hands. Canadian companies must be given easier access to more contracts and orders from government agencies. There must be the opportunity to make reasonable profits so the Canadian investor who has never been much interested in Canadian enterprise will become interested. The Canada Development Corporation has recently finalized a substantial amount of money to be used in the venture capital field but there has been no real encouragement for Canadian entrepreneurs to apply for it. The incentives and rewards are simply not good enough. The vicious capital problem would dampen if Canadian companies had access to more contracts and orders from government agencies with a chance to make a reasonable profit. And there needs to be encouragement for the development of strong Canadian-based multinational enterprises; otherwise as multinationals are expected by 1990 to dominate up to 30% of the GNP of the free world, Canada will reluctantly be left out of its foreign market. For too long a time Canada's industrial policies have been based on importing know-how. It is time for us to practice know-how of our own. It is obvious that competitive Canadian ownership policies are needed for sustainable foreign ownership policies. If we are to strengthen our domestic and foreign markets, We need a Canadian ownership policy.

Another major feature of our foreign



many of our enterprises

Certain aspects of Ottawa's new foreign ownership policy will operate to keep our advancing industrial Canadian ownership of industry. For example, new foreign investors are to be asked to make commitments to expand their operations, to increase their exports, to enhance their research and development activities in Canada. They are being asked to promise to do their best to increase the foreign dominance of Canadian industry. Such thinking is wrong and results from partial knowledge of the impact of foreign investors on the economy particularly in the long term. For many years Japan has followed very successfully an opposite course. Foreign ownership has been considered to be an economic cost rather than an economic benefit. And Japanese companies have become extremely competitive through positive policies which encourage strong domestic growth.

Another major feature of our foreign

## "The RCA XL-100 impressed me by its real color..."

Gilles Cuerrier, TV Cameraman

the quality and picture definition are superior to the set I have at home."

Gilles Cuerrier, professional TV cameraman, knows what he's talking about. He's talking about the true-to-life color, picture sharpness and clarity of RCA XL-100 color television.

But don't take our word for it. Rent the XL-100 for yourself just as Gilles Cuerrier did. You'll find that RCA delivers color you can count on.

**RCA**  
**XL-100**

COLOR YOU CAN COUNT ON

Model illustrated is 20" AccuColor XL 100 portable CTG 675. Features include 100% solid state chassis, Super AccuColor picture tube, Accu-Touch electronic pushbutton channel tuning, and Accu-Matic 4 one-button picture tuning. Also available in 28" console design.



# We have a better way to do it.

No matter what size your business is, it runs on information. And it's the business of The Computer Communications Group to move information.

We designed and developed the first, low-cost digital network and married it to the necessary terminals in order to provide business with a total computer communications system.

We have the specialists, the resources and the products to make it work more effectively.



And our system is backed by nation-wide maintenance capabilities.

So, if your company moves information... across Canada or across town... we have a better way to do it.

## The Dataroute. A better way to go.

The Dataroute is a digital service that employs a totally different method of transmission.

With its dramatic improvements over any other available system, it offers you far fewer complications, fewer errors, fewer repeat transmissions, fewer equipment problems, fewer headaches... and in some cases nice reductions of up to 90%.

## Datocom 300. A better way to send data.

This compact, self-contained keyboard/printer unit is quick, economical and simple to operate. It's adaptable as an input-output device associated with a time-sharing computer or as a terminal for



order entry, invoicing, payroll and management information systems.

Couple this with our fast, reliable network and you have a better way to handle data.

## Vacom 1. A better way for visual display.

Vacom 1 is a visual display terminal...what you see is what the computer gets.

It's a valuable tool for programming, problem solving and text editing. It can be used as an entry and retrieval terminal for every-day data processing.

## Faxcom. A better way to get the picture.

The Faxcom unit is a machine that transmits any graphic material, over the telephone network.

Not just a message, but an exact copy of the original. With an ordinary telephone and a Faxcom machine you can transmit an 8-1/2" x 11" copy to any other Faxcom - anywhere - within three minutes.

## We have a better way to do it.

Whatever kind of information you want to move, there's always a better way. Call The Computer Communications Group, Dial Operator and ask for Zenith 33000. Toll free.

## The Computer Communications Group

### Trans-Canada Telephone Systems

Alberta Government Telephones  
B.C. Tel  
Bell Canada  
Manitoba Telephone System  
Maritime Tel & Tel  
N.B. Tel  
 Newfoundland Telephone Company Limited  
Saskatchewan Telecommunications



# Solid Iceland

*Most visitors to a civilized剪影  
BY TERRY McCORMACK*

*Iceland is not a myth. It is a solid portion  
of the earth's surface. — Phyllis Miles*

I used to be you never heard anything about Iceland. It was one of those quiet, remote countries that the guy down the corner post office didn't know existed until in the last few years it began making it in the news with stories about the world chess champion ship and the red war with Britain.

You may have come across the name here and there. If you studied literature you knew it was famous for an angel writer during the 12th and 13th centuries. Of perhaps you read that the late W. H. Auden had carried on a long romance with Iceland from the time of his first visit, calling it "lovely ground."

With the most magical light of anywhere on earth. If you followed rock music you would have noticed the late Jimi Hendrix's comment that he loved Iceland because it was one of the most beautiful women in the world live there.

Still, not many people know much about Iceland. Before I left, friends had no apprehension I was setting off on a trek into some barren arctic wasteland and might never make it back. That is the kind of thing that impresses many Icelanders. Walking in the very modern Reykjavik one evening, I was talking to a young Icelandic named Obi and he was telling me:

"You, there is this myth about Iceland. People have the impression it is so cold and barren and completely covered in ice and snow all year around. They picture it living in a igloo, and so on. Much the same as how Canadians are all lumberjacks who sleep down trees. Of course it isn't true. But I find it nice to have these myths. I think it helps keep Iceland apart from the rest of the world, and I like that. Perhaps it is the same with you Canadians?"

There are other Icelanders who don't enjoy the myths and will tell you very firmly that their country is not what the rest of the world likes to think it is. They point to its oddly-sounding name, saying it's not right that a country only one-eighth covered in ice should be called Iceland. It allows for too many misconceptions, too many images of ille-

## When a reporter came to Iceland to interview a murderer, he found the man had been let out to go to a dance

lution living in gloom even though these are not native Icelanders on Iceland and never have been. It explains severe substance responsiveness when really Iceland has a surprisingly moderate climate with winter much milder than Canada's, and summers that are refreshingly cool. The author of an excellent handbook on Iceland, *Iceland: A Year*, suggests: "It would be more appropriate to exchange the name with Greenland, which consists largely of a huge ice cap."

But the myth persists. Which is unfortunate because Iceland must certainly be one of the most intriguing places in the world to visit.

It has a country of only 200 000 people living on a rugged little island about a quarter the size of Newfoundland and three-fourths of it is virtually uninhabitable, and a more one-dimensional picture of it is worth notching. It has few natural resources, no timber supply, and very little industry. Icelanders make their living mostly by fishing, farming and mining sheep.

Yet it is a country that has managed to achieve a high standard of living. It has all the elements: freedom — Iceland called it "the only real classless society" — And people live a long time in Iceland. Its life expectancy is higher than that of the U.S. Every year Iceland's 26 publishing companies sell a total of about 500 000 copies of Icelandic books.

There is almost no pollution in Iceland. There are no open-pit coal, lead-zinc, copper or iron mines. The only thing that is more than a little dirty is the sport of horse racing.

And curiously enough there are no dogs allowed on the streets of some cities in Iceland.

Almost everyone in Iceland speaks English as though it were their natural second language, and many have a fair knowledge of Spanish, French, German and the Scandinavian tongue.

There is television in Iceland — it runs from around five-thirty in the mid-night to six days a week, with Thursday being the TV people's day off, during the whole of July while they are on holiday, there is no television at all. But Icelanders are not impressed with it. My landlady in Reykjavik told me about a cinema owner who denounced the televison as to her: "let her customers see for themselves just how bad television really is." She added that "it is often difficult to get tickets in that theater."

And most remarkable, there is virtually no major crime or violence in Iceland. On a hot night through Reykjavik

our driver informed us that "here is the world's most northern capital of just over 100 000 people, there are only 150 policemen, all of them women, who intent to spend most of their time sitting around the station drinking beer and playing Icelandic whist and Icelandic chess in there is a party that's about whisting it up on a Saturday night."

But Sigurdur, a garage mechanic in the northern city of Akureyri, said me about a murder that had taken place there not long ago. It made headlines in the Akureyri newspaper as well as in all of the rest of Reykjavik's dailies.

Two men had been the victim of some sort, he said, and one of them had taken a knife and put an end to it. The man was arrested and put in jail to await trial. A murder in modern Iceland was such a rare event that a Leninist paper and one of its reporters to Akureyri to cover the story. The reporter arrived at the Akureyri jail and asked if he could interview the prisoner. The prisoner had he had objections except that at the moment the prisoner was not.

"He isn't in?" the reporter exclaimed.

"He's been moved to another jail then."

"No?" the jailor replied. "He hasn't. He's out at the moment."

"Out?"

"Well yes. He's gone to one of the local dances. After all it's a Saturday night and the fellow asked if he could go for the evening."

"But... but that's a killer."

"A killer? Oh yes. He killed a man. But it was a crime of passion. He would never do the same thing again."

"I see..." the reporter said. "But aren't you worried that he might escape?"

"Escape? No, he wouldn't do a thing like that. He realises that he killed a man and that he must pay for it. He sells... this job is his home now. He has nowhere else to go. He'll be back."

"You expect him back, then?"

"Why, of course. But if you had him in an iron bracelet, if he isn't well, I'll just have to lock him out. I have to get my sleep you know."

One thing that will always be of my proportions about Iceland is the land itself. William Morris, a 19th-century poet and critic, wrote that it was no use trying to describe the land "it was too difficult to put into words, too complex to understand, too grand, like nothing else in the world." Everything for Morris was "strong" and "solid." Throughout his Icelandic journals, he wrote of the

"glorious simplicity of the terrible and tragic but beautiful land."

Driving up toward Reykjavik from Iceland's Keflavik Airport my initial impression was that I had landed on the moon. There was nothing out there but long barren stretches of twisted lava rock and vast patches of salt-baked sand. Narrow winding roads led off the main highway in disperate suddenly behind black mounds of cooled lava at an erosion volcano. What made it even more eerie was the absence of any trees. It was like a nightmare landscape, overpowering, barren and desolate and a little frightening. I remember the time I fell when I finally arrived in Reykjavik.

"The land does this to you." Oh I had ordered another round of Viking Specials from the bar, along with a small shot of Bravewave a kind of Icelandic schnapps often referred to as "The Black Death" because of its potency. It is [the land's] speciality of violent things. But there is a beauty in it too. You can't help but be affected by it. There is that about Iceland, it's something you experience, you do not go and merely see it, you experience. It is something special like that."

As he was talking Morris and his wife were in a part of his life had passed away, a was the last time he would ever visit Iceland. He knew, he wrote, avoided with the wonder of it. "Surely I have gained a great deal, and it was no idle when that brought me there, but a true adventure for which I needed."

### HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

There are daily flights from New York to Reykjavik with Lufthansa (Aeroflot, Air Iceland). During June, July and August, an individual traveler can buy a maximum of 21 days for 1250 Canadian dollars. His hotel accommodations and meals can have to be pre-paid, 77 to 10 days advance, plus a 33% tip. In both cases there is a 5% surcharge each way for weekend travel. The cost is \$375 person in September, October, April and May. From November to March it is \$250.

For further information write: Iceland Air Airlines (Reykjavik), 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Information on hotels and other accommodations can be obtained from *Iceland As It Should Be* by Peter Kalton, or from your travel agent. If you are traveling to Iceland during the summer season, reserve your hotel or lodging well in advance.

"The way things are going today I want to make sure that my investments are being managed safely."

At National Trust we understand your concerns. We deal with every kind of investment from common stocks to real estate. We have the resources to evaluate the opportunities in today's economic climate. To help you choose the most secure and productive areas for your investments.

**Ask about  
Investment Services  
at National Trust.  
The Money Managers.**

**National  
Trust**

Since 1858

MEMBER OF CANADA DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



# WHY ROCK THE BOAT: THE BEST CANADIAN MOVIE OF THE YEAR

By John Hofsess

The first people to see John Hirsch's *Why Rock The Boat* — which is one of the best and funniest Canadian films made to date — were three random couples he recruited off the streets of Montreal: one pair in their late teens, a married couple in their mid-twenties and another couple in their forties. He'd had enough advice from well-wishing friends, now he wanted to know what simple filmgoers thought. Each had his quibbles here and there, but even before they expressed their opinions, he knew from their laughter that they were enjoying a terrific piece of entertainment.

The film was in its final editing stages at the National Film Board and Hirsch knew he had a lot to be proud of. He'd shot the film in 31 days, coming in under the budget of \$450,000 — a considerable sum since it is a period film, set in Montreal in 1947, with a cast involving more than 100 extras in some scenes — and he was now winding up the editing, sound mixing and sound mixing in 40 days, again ahead of schedule and under budget. But Hirsch wasn't there to see A for efficiency, of course, he wants people to love the film.

*Why Rock The Boat* was adapted by William Weintraub from his novel published in 1961. Weintraub and Hirsch reshuffled characters and events in so many ways for the film version and here comes up with a writing hand-in with *The Apprenticeship Of Daddy K*. Knowing the film is an post-war Montreal and in there is the growing up of a young, ambitious prig, back in the days when there appeared to be some place close and high to go in life. The bare dissociation. Harry Barnes, cab reporter, Harry Barnes, city desk, Harry Barnes, managing editor, why he'll just rise militarily to his present (albeit) at the *Montreal Daily Herald*.

Hirsch's been told that with care the paper could become the New York Times of Canada and he's determined to wear his fingers to the flexibility bone in the dead of winter to get a story, and rewrite it 50 times and sit it to print.

The film is about Harry's painful "slide down the male scale of life" (as Tom Lehrer used to say). The sullying of youthful idealism is often treated in a scatological manner in movies, but *Why Rock The Boat* knows that innocence and ignorance are synonymous. Every wane bath of sentiment is followed by a cold shower of irony. Harry's progress from romantic virgin to seductress bedeviled, then elated, Canadian shtick, to total career expansion, is made completely plausible and engrossing by star Stuart Golland (who gives one of those performances of which legends are made. As with Richard Dreyfuss in *Daddy K*, Golland appears in every scene and imparts to the film as energy it otherwise simply would not have).

The supporting actors, this (�nounced) Zevul Lesh, Ken Jones, Henry Beckman and Patricia Gage are all well cast and in top form. *Why Rock The Boat* is a new kind of Canadian film: broadly commercial in appeal, yet well written and thoughtfully constructed. And it is entirely Canadian, not only in all aspects of its production, it's whole crew and



cast, but also in its aesthetic and in its social observations.

Here is all, and although not well known, the suspect of numerous film awards, especially for his 1987 film *Die Hard With A Vengeance*. He wrote and directed the musical fantasy *A Star Is Lost* (with tributes to all his movie favourites from Buster Keaton to Shirley Berkley) to be used in a TV special in the near future. Composing movie intertits, he's since making movies these days the music all the music for *Why Rock The Boat* and had the name arranged in the Glass Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, etc. style of the period.

"I may even give up making movies," he told me, "even though I now expect that the film will be a hit. I have an old house in southern Quebec, filled with antiques. To sit down by the window on sunny days and work away at the piano — peaceful, alone, contented, that's the life."

It would be nice to report that such a thoroughly professional man as *Why Rock The Boat*'s is the result of much positive faith and encouragement. On the film's opening day, however, back east in the movie world, like Hirsch, was to prove that he was not, that apart from Michael Sperber of the Canadian Film Development Corporation who "loved the script" and went to great lengths to get the film produced, it's been a sporadic experience to get it made. Private investors and the feds would never work and that it wasn't what the public was buying, NFB officials thought it was too esthetic and not the sort of thing they traditionally became involved in. No one would suspect to look at the film — which seems so sunny and self-confident — that it was the subject of such doubt and concern that it barely got made at all. But there it is: a golden fluke, the NFB has produced a great film in spite of itself.

The plot of *Only God Knows* is pure jive. Captain Peacock sits up as much as an unstrung needle of the eye as he would with lines of Statues with, there isn't much we here but lots of noise. Paul Beatty is Robbie Isaac Sherman and Lucy Danz is Victoria, the adored son of a Mafia don given spanked performances, but Tim Farmer has a part that gives her little to do and she does it amazingly little with it, while Little Beatty as the Rev. Philip Norwood is tall, stiff and handsome, he handles every note a same regular note to carry the ball. The film is directed by Peter Peterson (Peterbilt) with cold competence rather than inspiration. With extra care in the script-writing and editing it could have been a classic flick.

## RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH:

*Harry And Tonto* with Art Carney

*Richard III*: A re-creation of Laurence Olivier's brilliant, powerful film.

*Laurence Luckin*: Louis Malle's new film is his best work to date.

*Early Theatre* By Jean Ressell: Fine short vignettes full of wit, compassion and insight. A wonderful, wacky film.

Living Metric



# Medimetric or burning up at 39.5°

The first time you put a metric thermometer under your tongue and it comes out reading 39.5°C, don't look for godless angels, call the doctor. You have a fever. And here's a metric fever as measured in degrees Celsius, as are all temperatures in the metric system of weights and measures.

Most drugs and medicines that are prescribed are already measured metrically. All liquid medicines are measured in millilitres. Tablets are compounded in milligrams. If you have to have your blood pressure taken, it's measured in millimetres of mercury.

Since so much in medicine is already defined metrically, it makes sense to start using a metric fever thermometer. And using degrees Celsius to measure temperature is a natural step in Canada's gradual conversion to the metric system. Canada is going metric because that's the system of measurement of most of the world. If we want to continue to work and compete in that world we have to use the same language: namely metric.

At Bowater Canadian, we've made metric work for us. We've been making products in metric dimensions for years and we'd like to help make the metric system work for you too. Read this page for reference. For more information-free material, write to:

Bowater Canadian Limited

P.O. Box 1030, Station A,

Toronto, Ontario M5W 1G5

37°C	NORMAL
38°C	LOW-GRADE FEVER
39°C	HEAVY FEVER
40°C	VERY SICK
40.5°C	EMERGENCY



For a mother especially, it's important to know when a fever is light and probably means a touch of the flu or when it's high enough to be a cause for alarm. All you have to do is learn what these few important Celsius temperatures mean in the human body.

# BOWATER CANADIAN

BOWATER CANADIAN LIMITED an important member of Canada's forest products industry growing diversifying  
Bowater Newfoundland Limited • Bowater Monsey Paper Company Limited • Perkins Papers Ltd./U.S.A.

# HOUSE OF PRIDE: ABSOLUTE PLOUFFE THAT TV DRAMA ISN'T DEAD

By Philip Marchand

Nobody over claimed that dramatic series are the strong suit of Canadian television. For one thing, in order to have lively, engrossing drama, there has to be somebody to something about the way people live in this country you need TV writers with lively imaginations. We might as well stop right there. I'm not sure why these creators are such rarities in TV Land. As far as I know, they don't carry elections districts or display unusual tendencies more than any other sector of the population. Whatever the reason, they don't seem to be particularly sought out by the producers of Canadian television drama. (True, the port David Holmgren has recently been used by the CBC as a kind of token, sorta among the stars, but we'll all have to wait a while before we can tell how many that move will.) The result, in the meantime, is drama like *The House Of Pride* (CBC — 7:30 p.m. Thursday), which is a 24-episode serial in the genre known as soap opera. Of course, it does not even pretend to be. According to the CBC it is "a new concept in North American English-language television fare" — a continuing drama series chronicling the myriad experiences of a contemporary Canadian family scattered from coast to coast. It has a few huge soap operas itself — series shot out-of-doors and Canadian multicultural problems tangled in the stewing pot of middle classers run every episode to the highest chart. It is still soap opera, though, in honesty and fantasy as its characters do their best.

The "contemporary Canadian family" in *The House Of Pride* is, of course, the family descended from old Dan Peck, one of these sweetly, upright, bigoted Protestant southern Ontario types, who, as we all know, were over the very new and heretical of the province. God bless it. Anyway, a collection of old gomers, now run by the likes of Gladys, Maxine, Tom, Winnie, and Yvonne — the epitome of the five most popular Canadian (and, of course, the first case, where the CBC has production facilities). Their blood is intermingled with that of their group ranging from "Proppies" to "You know who" — in Dan Peck's day caring for his father's aching rheumatic back, refers to them. And they encompass a wide range of personality types from the sullen, young man living in luxury in the high-bred breeding contractor.

This is Canadian content with a vengeance. The whole country, with the exception, perhaps, of warts, American drift evaders, Cosi Indom and recently arrived Bengali refugees, will be able to see themselves represented historically in the crinkly wrinkled skins.

The problem, of course, is that the characters, plot development, and even the topical references are all secondhand. George Robertson is a dogged veteran of CBC drama and the lead writer for the series. (He was the writer/creator of *Quebec Doctor*, MPI Robertson's work.) I suspect, could serve as a model for one of those dead unison uncles in *Walla!* and *Arthur*. Their book, talking hopeful writers how to turn out a "convincing" dramatic script for television. Each



scene in the Robertson episodes of *The House Of Pride* is well crafted according to the conventions. There is a bit of setup and a bit before the two characters enter with Robertson's loaded exit line. "I wanted to make it perfectly clear he's not welcome here — ever," then an ominous Wally snarl or conspire of mind to accompany the fade-out. Next is a pre-*Archie Bunker* the lower-class sofa-state machine, for example, getting drunk in the third episode and singing — of all things — *"We're In The Army Now"*, it would be nice to see one of this phone-boob Wallys on the family making a fool of himself over his wife. But, of course, everyone knows that upper-class Wallys are much too reserved to allow themselves the liberties ethically indulge in.

Television drama — even a dramatic serial with its audience demands as written for good, workable material — does not have to be stale hack work. Live sports coverage, public affairs programming, even a decent situation comedy, are preferable to glossy soap operas in prime time.

The main *People Of Our Town* (CBC — Monday, 10:30 p.m.) consists of 10 programs with the unpretentious label of "film essays," which demonstrate what television does best. You take a person whose life and work has been full of passion and insight, an articulate person who can reach people — not just subscribers to *The Canadian Forum* or *The New York Review Of Books* — because of the hard-won authority of his observations, and you allow him to talk in. People like R. D. Long and Mary McCarthy, two of the subjects of the first two programs, provide like the characters in *Walla!* and *Arthur* the kind of people who like the program because that's kind of what they're. Production studios of the government, or the hospitals, you who communicate but from the weaker heart we have all come to know and love from CBC's *Playhouse*, will not do.

So far the programs have been slightly uneven. Robertson Davis' influence on the premier program, *Playhouse For Toronto*, were marred by the drawing-out propensity that afflicts all his television performances. R. D. Long in *The Fabulous GI Experience*, on the other hand, was moving in his anguish and deeply human account of the paradoxes of living with ourselves and other people — particularly in a society where single parenthood is not exactly a premium. One could wish that the producers of this program knew what to do with Long's commentary, other than spike it up and continually interrupt it with shots of lonely old men reading great screenplays reading in public parks, people riding up the mountain, those insulation in a chair — all those familiar devices beloved of mid-career film makers who consider themselves "avante-garde" or "non-humour" resolution, with a pounding acoustic guitar and jazzy jazz ring in the background or base.

## THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Watch *MacKenzie* (CTV — Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)  
*Chem And The Man* (CBC — Thursday, 9:30 p.m.)  
 Beware *The Irish Rover* (CBC — Sunday, 7:30 p.m.)  
*Police Surgeon* (CTV — Thursday, 9 p.m.)

# Open the doors for the mentally retarded

Today in Canada there are more than one-half million people who are mentally retarded. About two thirds are capable of being trained to become soft supporting members of the community.

Through new techniques, many of the mentally retarded have become visually independent and productive citizens. They have been trained for employment, working with pride and a sense of achievement while returning loyalty and conscientious efficiency to their employers.

The doors could be opened for thousands more of the mentally retarded. Given the opportunity they too can be moved from institutions into small, home-like settings with community services and eventual placement in industry or business. But that requires a great deal of money. You can help by being generous when asked to contribute during the campaign for funds for the mentally retarded.



the National Program for the Mentally Retarded

# CHARLES RITCHIE'S CONFESSIONS: SEX AND THE THIRD SECRETARY

By Kildare Dobbs

In embattled London back in 1941 a Canadian third secretary entitled to his diary, I suppose I ought to catalogue the society of solid civil servants, instead of rascally Bolshevik priests and baneful dictators. That junior diplomat was Charles Ritchie, a Nova Scotian who later became Canadian Ambassador to Washington and High Commissioner in London. Now he has published his "memoranda" during the years 1937-1945 under the title *Sex and the Third Secretary* (Canada, \$10.95). For most of that period he served as a private secretary to Venner Murray, then High Commissioner in London. Second in command was the future Prime Minister, Lester B. Pearson, and both men were to publish their official memoirs. Ritchie relishes irony, adding something elliptical to what his short story said: What he does tell us about, with a caustic undercurrent in the measure of either public service, is Ritchie himself. Old chaps, this third secretary buried with a broad pinkie flame in some of the best hospitals in the land. The stories of his life are not survival stories.

Ritchie is a man down with an acute and congenital mind and a sensitive eye. In 1942 he friend Murray's career and fascinating object. That blend of slyness and super-humility. He has enormous susceptibility to the more plummy forms of charm. When he loves in life is different — the pleasant surface style.

Ritchie too is in love with style, but his passion (like Murray's) is complicated by a habit of detachment. A Canadian, he remains also at heart as he orders a chop at the fifth and ninth on the bone of a sturdy home.

The same detachment troubles his love affairs. With the women who share his letters home he remains unconnected. One of his admirers is shrewdly: "she is the young diplomat's epiphany. If that bloody belfries does not come across tomorrow it would be a disaster." The women, magnificently: "She gives me a sense of Our Lady's London robes, but the sense is to be put under the devotions of the girls of my eye."

He seems to have lost his match in Elizabeth Bowen, the Anglo-Irish novelist with whom he formed a passionate friendship. The first time I saw Elizabeth Bowen I thought she looked more like a bridge player than a poet, but wrote in September, 1941: "I wish having read a novel of her writing would not have left that tantalizing mysterious, passionate and poetic was behind that worldly exterior." One would, obviously. Before long he is quoting her as a literary mentor. Elizabeth says that T. S. Eliot told her that without she had could never have given the mood for his poems. That is good news! And then: "Elizabeth came to see me in the morning and brought me a cyclamen." Ah, those treacly Irish Prelatines! They walk among the flowering shrubs of Hampstead (talking of Virginia Woolf), with the sense in Ferguson's Park, knock at the Ritz. By September 1942 the novelist has become "dear Elizabeth to whom I owe everything." Some time in 1944 she disappears from the diary.

A postscript to the book tells us that Charles Ritchie has

been happily married to his wife Sylvia for more than 25 years.

Ritchie's sophisticated self-referentiality is revealed in a very witty description of dinner with the Masons in April 1942 that of the guests was "sitting in a bony chair with her feet dangling on a footstool. Her small hands covered with diamonds, and with her pointed toe, she looked like a Queen of Sheba, with something in Grand Guignol about her. She is a low-keyed Scot, and the low-keyed Scot from Bowhill on the moors resembles, except not much, what it comes to worldly glibber. I must know — I can't know."

The quizz for worldly glibber brings Ritchie into the company of many famous British personages: George VI, Lady Margaret Asquith, Lady Diana, Lady Coope, the Duke of St. Albans (who said, "I have all the Europeans, except Scandinavians"), of course, "I have all the ladies", the Stewarts, Field Marshal Sir Philip Chevallier, the present Queen Mother, Princess Anne-Marie Calandrini and many others. The *Sex and the Third Secretary* is an engrossing hour or so of gossip with a man well worth knowing for his own sake. Henry political commentary, I will, but we've had more than enough of that in Canada. It used to know that under the staffed shirt of at least one of our surveys there beats the heart of a poet, a bohemian and a congenital criminal. I hope there will be more stories from Charles Ritchie.

The *Faded Woman* by John Galsworthy (Atheneum, \$3.95) is a sequence of three long stories on the theme of the female female, glittering with the brilliance of the best living personality and one of Canada's best and least known poets. Conceived in with evenly divergent fates, stories where nothing happens, *The Black Widower*, *The Fullfledged Danny O'Kearney* and *Look for Death* are three variations on Galsworthy's theme, the final version.

*The Fullfledged Danny*, presented in two planes, human and divine, is richly sonorous and moving. It's a kind of hommage to Galsworthy's oft-revered, irreverent novel, *Blaize Mortenson*. The Elizars have nearly Nohelkov's *Lotus*, though written years before it, in its deliberately shadowy irony. The first life, a moment's treatment of the theme, is set in the house. Women here off but elevated rate, castrating at the size of 20 or 30 miles that outsize. Two maladjusted boys armed with obscene writings are trying to break out of jail. They are foiled by the benevolent Levenside detective Marlowe. Hence, when elision it is to have them "shattered."

Such tales will be read only excepted long after the easiest writers of the hour are forgotten — but they are not for campy-reading readers.

Will some kind person please give Charles Templeton a leg up? He seems to be trying very hard to attract attention. His last book was called *Asia*, a crack at the market personified by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. The new one is *The Knobshoggin O! The President* (McClelland and Stewart, \$3.95) which tries to go one better than *The Day O! The Areks!* But Templeton is not a writer and his thriller is the work of will rather than imagination.



**Understand it...  
before you buy it.**

Whether it's a life's saving set or a life insurance policy, if you don't understand how it put together or how it works, find out before you buy. A life insurance policy has a clear and specific meaning in law. If it is not clear to you, ask your agent for a simple explanation outlining the main parts of the policy. This will be in layman's language and will probably make you feel a lot more comfortable about what you're getting.

A free booklet "How to Compare" is also available to help.

you ask the right kind of questions to get the right kind of policy to suit your family needs today and tomorrow.

For the free booklet and answers to any of your questions about life insurance, please write to: The Life Insurance Information Centre, 15th Floor, 44 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5H 1E9.

Or telephone toll-free 1-800-281-8663. Or pour a communique over a friend's or compositon. 1-800-361-8070.

The more you know, the better you buy.

**Life  
Insurance  
Information  
Centre**

A service of the Life Insurance Companies in Canada

# INDEXING: INCOME GEARED TO INFLATION IS NO CURE

By Ray Magadry

It looks as if we are going to give in to inflation. Many of our politicians and economists have come to the conclusion that it can't be helped and there is little point searching for a better cure. The only way to handle it is to learn to live with it. Ride with the wave. Trust it like the common cold and find a way to make the affliction tolerable.

The new handy panacea we're being offered instead of a miracle cure, is called "indexing" — a way to adjust nearly everybody to the realities of rising prices, a system that hedges incomes, various other payments and wages to changes in the cost-of-living. In short, a method for compensating the victims of inflation. (It's not the only) by substantially hoarding our savings to offset losses of purchasing power by reducing taxes in accord with inflation.

As a theory, and even as a practice, indexing is coming on strong, much to the alarm of those who aren't prepared to concede the fight to the inflationary wolf at the door. And indexing does look like surrender.

No one, but a misanthrope would quarrel with the impulse behind it: it's equity and fair play. Since severe inflation puts an iniquitous burden on people (particularly the poor, the weak and the elderly), the idea is to let indexing provide across-the-board protection against inflation's worst effects. It's a decent Chicago argument. My argument is: *Anti there.*

Anti there, says *Canada's Inflation*, a C. D. Howe Research Institute publication, nowhere better. Maxwell and Carl Angus talk of the social and moral justification of indexing. The device, they argue, would attempt to "redistribute the lesson of purchasing power created by rising prices." Another paragraph, here economists Michael Copeland and Arthur Denner, have prepared that Canada Savings Bonds be scrapped and replaced by fully indexed savings certificates. These would protect annual savers by adjusting yields upward in effect raising prices each year.

Those who advocate indexing would particularly like to use income taxation instead in this way. Government, they charge, are the really big winners from inflation — collecting more taxes as incomes rise. Indexing taxes would remove, in part, a government's apparently vested interest in inflation, as well as bringing fairer taxation to taxpayers.

Canada is going to adopt indexing's boosters in the 1974 tax year. It will become one of the first countries to adopt the indexing. Personal tax exemptions and tax brackets will change yearly with a cost of living adjustment.

Canada has already made some moves toward indexing in other areas. Canada Pension Plan and old age security payments will rise according to increases in the consumer price index, starting this year, the earliest plan on Canada Savings Bonds were raised to 9.15%, an impressive effort at indexing but nevertheless containing the heart of the idea.

In the private sector, several big labor unions have reopened contracts and negotiated cost-of-living escalator clauses for the benefit of their members, some corporations,



quietly, are picking up pension payments to reward workers.

But what we have been treated to so far is just a taste of the snowy. Many areas of the economy have been left untouched. Some holders of government bonds, for instance, have already taken a miserable beating from inflation. There are many other losers: people who took out savings plan promises, say 15%, are losing ground, showing negative rates of return when you account for inflation, and higher tax rates, showing holders are being robbed in a shocking manner. Since inflation steadily erodes the real worth of the hard-dollar investment income an annuity provider, the members of fixed-income retirement plans and mutual funds are learning about the combination of savings, as they watch their value go down and the dollars that are left lose buying power.

In the meantime, the rich with more liquid assets, who have been able to profit money into real estate deals and with assets in the gold market, have been making killings off inflation. You have to be rich to start with and to take advantage of an inflationary spiral and, of course, if you're poor, the money you do have goes to contribute to losses of value.

The situation gives credence to the fears expressed by the skeptics, the traditional, somewhat conservative economists who prefer to keep social and moral policies out of their equations. They contend that indexing — supposedly the great equalizer — will not really equalize anything — it will merely shield the richest from inflation.

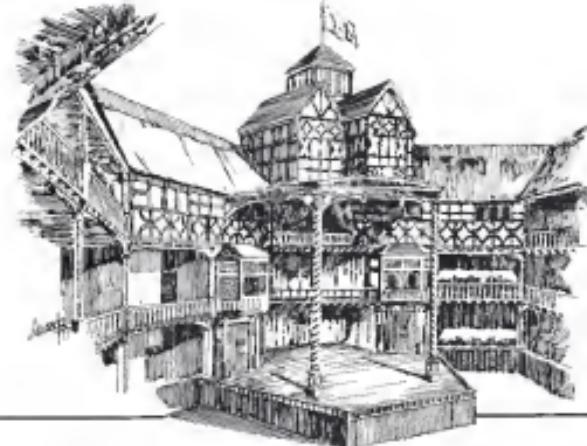
Then there is the theory. Is it still the main one. Will it build further inflation? Is expectation one root of thinking? Will it release pent-up energy of all pressure to convert cost and price? Will it, where the  $\pi$  to  $\pi^2$  could be running inflation. It could be a headache.

The supporters of indexing sometimes point to Brazil — a country that has brought its inflation rate down from the upper stratosphere to crawl level while applying a broad-based system of indexing — as an example of its success.

But, however, is not your average industrial democracy? That's an authoritarian flavor to government there that wouldn't fit well with other societies. In my view there's some doubt that indexing alone caused Brazil's inflation rate to drop from 80% to 20% a year. Other measures were involved. Fiscal controls were used, and a budget deficit was transformed into a surplus last year. In addition they used price and wage controls.

There have been sporadic attempts at indexing in other areas and in other places. France, for one, used indexing after the Second World War. It was partly responsible for a delayed peace and an economic crisis. Not very encouraging evidence, such as it is.

And so, we sit into the eye of the storm without a chart. With no indication of where we're going. If indexing tempts the economies of western countries apart, the big bonus will include the people who were suggested to gain in it. They deserve something better than the dangers of accepting inflation-based inflation, batsa hokum, as an economic policy.



## All the world's a stage ... on CBC Radio

Here's your very own theatre, peopled by a cast of thousands, created by Canadian and international playwrights, and portrayed by Canada's leading actors. Lend us your ears. Rekindle your imagination. Hear the best radio drama in North America, every week, on CBC.

This is your playgoer's diary for November:

### CBC STAGE —SATURDAY NIGHTS

- November 2 The Universal Justice by Nina Kianian
- November 9 The Carrying Man by Neil Munro
- November 16 Innocence by Diane Gignac dramatized by George Robertson
- November 23 Yes Is For A Very Young Man by Gertrude Stein
- November 30 The Year Of The Lord by Christina Rossetti

### CBC PLAYHOUSE —SUNDAY NIGHTS

- November 2 Benjamin Button by J. W. Walks dramatized by Norman Miller
- November 9 Experiment by Merritt McElroy
- November 13 Angus by Cara Wiggins
- November 24 The Sound of the Board Dissolving by Anne Lesesne

### CBC TUESDAY NIGHT

- November 5 Women in the Attic by ACTRA Award-winning playwright Lori Peterson
- November 12 All Soul's Night by Joseph Tarchey
- November 16 Snapshot—The Third Drunk by Donald Cammerson

**CBC  
RADIO**

# FLORA, THE RED TORY OR: MS. MacDONALD AS PRIME MINISTER

By Heather Robertson

The idea came to me about a year ago as I was watching Golda Meir on television. I was fascinated by her public image, those twinkled eyes in dark stockings, the dark, shapeless dress, grizzled hair pulled back in a bun, sagging-wrinkled face grey with fatigue, a woman without frenetic ardor, a prime minister devoid of the trappings of power. Everybody's friend. Then I saw her eyes. They altered and gleamed like two cold spheres, cold, hard, steely, ruthless. Tough granite. She was Santa, Mother bread, giver of life and death, an incarnation of the earth deity, the white goddess who has worshipped since the beginning of civilization, a symbol of Israel's hope and power, as indomitable Golda Meir came to power because it was a woman, not a man, that Israel needed to give it strength. I began to think that we too could see a woman prime minister.

It's a prospect which is more than a fantasy — within the next 18 months Flora MacDonald, MP for Kingman and the Islands, will probably emerge as a serious contender for the leadership of the Conservative Party when Robert Stanfield retires. She also is the greatest with credibility even among party pragmatists but Miss MacDonald, although relatively unknown across Canada, has surprising party strength.

A telegraph operator's daughter from Cape Breton, she worked on Stanfield's successful Nova Scotia campaign in 1956 and went on party headquarters in Ottawa where she became national secretary, a position which made her known, by name at least, to every Tory in Canada. In 1966 she was freed by John Diefenbaker and became a national point for the "dumb Dart" factor who overcame a terrible handicap. Stanfield, Stanfield, he had to beat Stanfield and Dalton Camp, an improved but not remarkable position, and is generally considered to be a "Red Tory," a conservative with a social conscience. She is a democrat, a believer in individual rights, even if it means government intervention to provide equality of opportunity, and her popular leanings make her not only sympathetic to grass roots Conservatives such as Jack Harper. She is a founding member of the Committee for an Independent Canada and Conservative critic on Indian Affairs and Northern Development.

Flora is 45, an angular redheaded woman with a blunt Scotch face and a warm voice. She took the Kingdom seat from the Liberals in 1972 and held it easily in 1974. She knows politics inside out and is impeccably popular within her constituency and the party. And Flora is单

But can a woman make it?

"She can try," says Flora. "Ten years ago people were hostile. The hostility is gone now but people have to be convinced that a woman is credible. She must be able to discuss all important issues — economics, foreign affairs, labor, agriculture, finance. She can be outspoken but she must be serious and responsible. She mustn't appear studious or aggressive." A woman candidate's quickest road to power is to become a self-styled political celebrity, to use the press and TV to create a groundswell of popular support which

would be reflected in voting at the leadership convention. It is here, where among jolts even from reality, that a woman loses the greatest difficulty. She has to play by different rules. By her frankness, unadulterated anguish and blameworthy taste in clothes, Judy LaBranche was much like Pierre Trudeau, in fact, these characteristics were made to look ridiculous, in fact they were called *charming*. "Can you imagine," says a female columnist, "a middle aged woman politico grabbing every tom-ago boy in sight and leaving him?" In spite of her impressive cabinet record and wide popular appeal, Judy would have been unable to get herself touring in the 1969 Liberal leadership race. "I would have been looked upon as a spoilt and immature, a frivolous candidate in a serious business," she says.

A woman has to be attractive and seductive to win votes but she must not be blatantly sexual for fear of straining sexual jealousy and hatred. She needs publicity which makes her neither a dragon nor a mere pull. A woman politician has to be absolutely severe and self-confident in her personal identity. That's difficult because women tend to imitate men or to adapt behavior men prescribe for them. No one wants a prime minister who can be manipulated, and women have traditionally been manipulated. In Canada it would probably help if she was elderly, widowed or single. "There has to be a breakthrough," says Flora. "People don't believe that women can have power because women are never seen in positions of power."

The election of a woman as leader of a Canadian political party would be an incredibly daring and imaginative act. It could also be a disaster. "A female John Turner couldn't make it as prime minister," says a feminist friend.

A traditional politician is little more than a projection of the nation's collective fears and aspirations, the most ambiguous a leader is, the more people are able to identify with him. There is no reason why a woman cannot be as powerful a symbol as a man. Male leaders tend to mold themselves in traditional mythic roles — warrior, matrarch, philosopher king. Women too can play as their ancient archetypes — love goddess, Virgin Queen, Great White Mother. The ideal leader contains elements of all of these, she satisfies a fundamental strength and soft-spokenness which is beyond sexuality. The election of a woman prime minister would require such a radical shaking of traditional Canadian patriarchal values that, once in power, she would be almost invincible. Perhaps it is this that frightens people.

There are certain situations that encourage the emergence of a female leader. A woman could be identified with a strong national movement, a war of liberation. A woman also projects a strong moral force, an impulse toward reform, unity, stability. If a likely she will emerge not as a radical but as a conservative, a symbol of preservation and survival. Certainly the role exists in Canada, waiting for someone to fill it. Flora MacDonald's description of a woman prime minister is a curiously accurate description of herself.



BV  
BLACK VELVET



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

coolest...  
cleanest...  
most refreshing!



Just a single drop  
of menthol

never hides the  
rich tobacco taste!

Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.